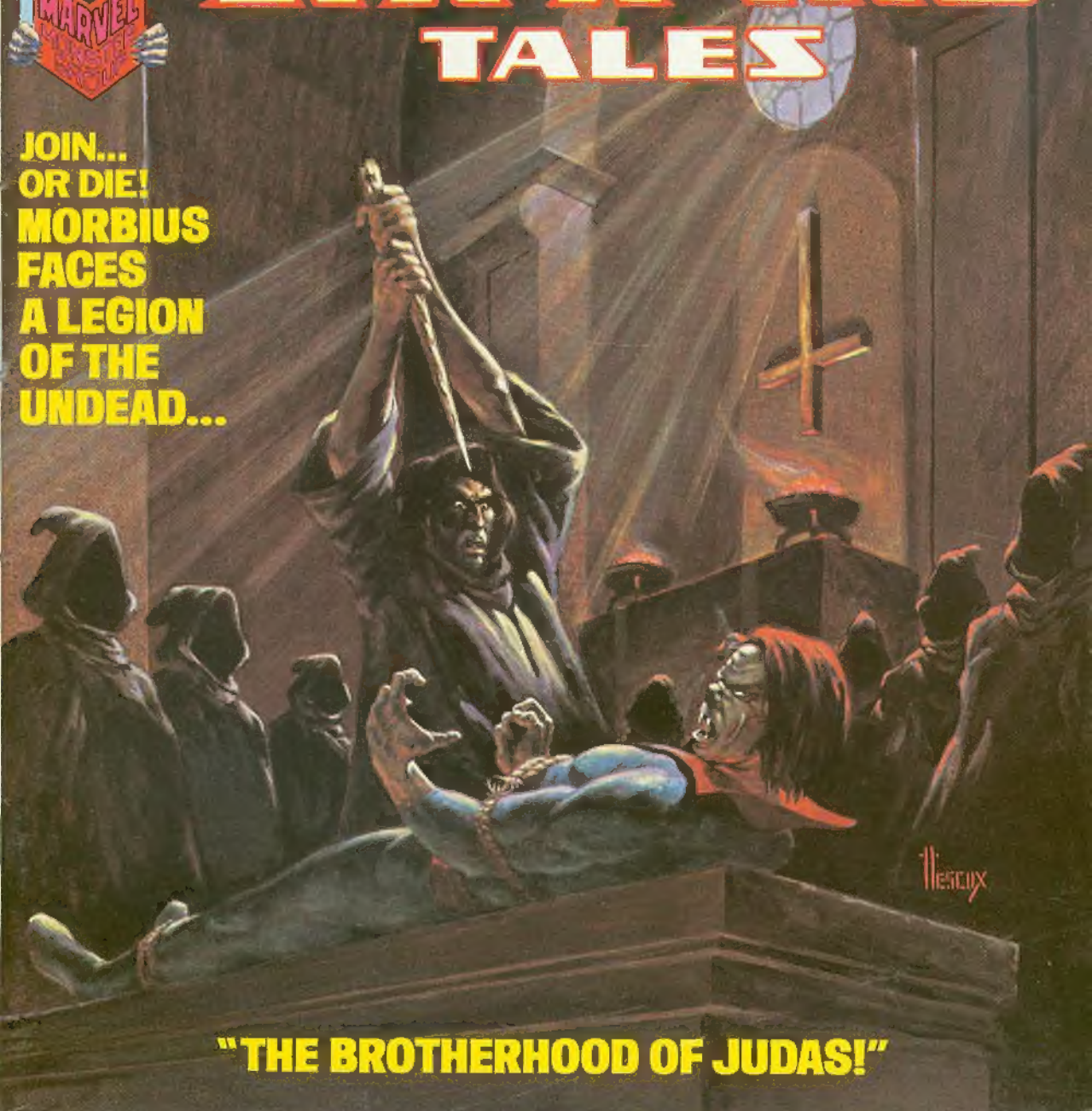


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VAMPIRE TALES 75¢
JUNE No. 11


NIGHTMARE LEGENDS OF THE LIVING DEAD!

VAMPIRE TALES™

JOIN...
OR DIE!
MORBIUS
FACES
A LEGION
OF THE
UNDEAD...



"THE BROTHERHOOD OF JUDAS!"



STAN LEE presents VAMPIRE TALES

#11 / June 1975



"DEATH KISS!"

by Doug Moench &
Sonny Trinidad

Page 7

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VAMPIRE MAILS Page 4

MARVEL EDITORIAL
& BULLPEN PAGE
Page 6



"HOBO'S LULLABY!"

by John Warner &
Yong Montano

Page 45



Dear Marv & co.,

VAMPIRE TALES #9 was a good issue, marred only by the unavoidable absence of one Michael Morbius. I'm patiently waiting in my tomb for Sonny Trinidad's rendition of the scientific vampire's exploits, for-along with Steve Gan—I consider him to be a major find for Marvel. The credits for the cover, as listed on the contents page, read "JAD," although the cover itself was signed "Martin Pok." Well, whoever's responsible, take a bow, it was just beautiful. (I could have done without that bloody hand reaching up from the bottom, but that's a minor complaint.)

The Blade series is getting off to an excellent start in this, its second installment: "Bloodmoon," by Marv, Chris Claremont, and Tony DeZuniga presents variations on traditional vampirism, undreamed of elsewhere. Marguerite, Lord Vieren, and the mysterious master, are intriguing figures and I look forward to their continued involvement with Blade. I was wondering how much of the "Legion's" activities are known to the Lord of Vampires, Dracula? Something as monumental as the supposed breakthrough they were speaking of probably couldn't be kept too long from the wolf-like ears of Vlad Tepes.

"Blood Lunge," by the ever-creative Doug Moench, and Russ Heath—whose work I'm not too familiar with—was a very clever little tale in the tradition of Mr. Moench's previous "A Vampire's Home is his

Castle," from VAMPIRE TALES #4. Russ Heath did a decent job on the art, and I was especially taken with that last panel, where the scarecrow's straw-filled head is staring at the impaled vampire.

I knew it was inevitable that Marvel's answer to Arthur C. Clarke—Gerry Conway, along with wife, Carla—would come up with a futuristic vampire story. The concept was interesting, although that explanation given about tapping the wasting energies of the past, was a bit vague. Still, this was a decidedly different excursion into vampire lore.

As Larry Leiber wrote in the last panel of "Blood Stalker," "you win some . . . and you lose some . . ." Everything can't be a gem, so I vote this foray into foolishness the "reprint" award for this issue.

And now I come to the masterpiece. Doug Moench's incredible command of the English language, in perfect counterpoint to Tony DeZuniga's mastery of the graphic arts, presented us with "Shards of a Crystal Rainbow," alone worth the price of the magazine. Not only is this a superb piece of art in its own right, the "message"—(if I may be so crude) was so inextricably bound to the narrative progression, that story and moral are one. You can't read this tale for "entertainment," and skip the statement made at the end. Doug, you have achieved here, what so many others have tried in comics as well as other mediums to do, most often, unsuccessfully. You have made a strong, powerful point, without

sacrificing the reader's intense involvement via patronizing speeches or stereotyped situations. You and Tony have brought us to the nearly unbroken pinnacle, where art and social commentary are inseparable and interchangeable. The protagonist's experience is the reader's experience, as we follow him through the most sublime of fantasy-worlds, only to come sickeningly back to a rat-infested reality we were unaware served as the starting point.

There's little I can say about DeZuniga's art that a perusal of "Shards of a Crystal Rainbow" won't convey more effectively. Having seen a good deal of Tony's art recently in Marvel's black-and-white line, I have come to the conclusion that he is the finest artist now working in the b&w area.

As you people continue to put out such superlative magazines, and learn the ropes of this new medium, it becomes increasingly difficult to write critiques that are more than merely praise-filled missives.

Ralph Macchio
188 Wilson Drive
Cresskill, NJ 07626

Aw shucks, Ralph, thanks. You know how we hate to accept unabashed compliments, which is why we're always sure to make at least a dozen mistakes each issue, just so we can remain humble. You might not believe us, but then again, you haven't read the following letter yet, have you?



Dear People:

"Blood Lunge" was a nice little tale with an amusing ending. By the way, who pulled that goof with the page order? Page 2 was where page 4 should have been. VERY confusing on first reading.

"Blood Stalker" would have been great. I say "would have been" because someone (who shall remain nameless) pulled the biggest blooper in the history of your mag! The reader is told that Lily became a vampire because she WASN'T killed, with the implication that the people who WERE killed by Lily and her partner didn't come back. This is completely opposite to what you have previously established as the . . . er . . . unnatural order of things.

Leslie Bee Ross
3331 F Street
Eureka, CA 95501

Y'know somethin', Leslie—you're right! On both counts. Usually, in our color comics, when we're caught with such blatantly bald-faced mistakes, we buy our way out of it with a No-Prize. But since we're not in the habit of handing out those magnificent nothings here in the black-and-white mags, we'll just have to own up to our shortcomings and leave it at that.

We're sorry, people. Really we are. Okay?



Viva Doug Moench!

His excellent allegory "Shards of a Crystal Rainbow," is the most hardhitting anti-drug story I have ever read. Also, Tony DeZuniga's art beautifully conveyed the mood of Mr. Moench's story. And you know it's all the truth. All drug addiction is a form of vampirism and false pleasure. So if anyone out there Moench's story first.

Eric Braddock
Bettendorf, IO

Marvel—

"Shards of a Crystal Rainbow," by writer Doug Moench and artist Tony DeZuniga, is a masterpiece!

M. Coleman
44 Wallace Street
Red Bank, NJ 0771

This rather concise critique aptly sums up the generally favorable response to the widely-acclaimed tour-de-force, "Shards of a Crystal Rainbow," although—to be sure—all was not blood and roses, and there were other responses such as that of Ken Peters, who is answered directly by Doug Moench himself in this issue's "Readers' Forum"—

Dear Marv,

As a black-and-white magazine, VAMPIRE TALES is outside the jurisdiction of the Comics Code Authority, and therefore doesn't need to comply with any of their rules. Because of this, you have the freedom you don't have in your color comics; but with this freedom must come responsibility, something I find noticeably lacking in the act of publishing Doug Moench's "Shards of a Crystal Rainbow" in VAMPIRE TALES #9.

The Comics Code prohibits the display of the effects of drugs, and for a very good reason: Readers may find these effects desirable. And this is exactly what has been done in "Shards," although I'm sure unintentionally. The message Doug tried to convey in this story is the emptiness and uselessness of heroin. The intention is a noble one, the message important. But the graphic depiction of a man's drug-induced dreams is a dangerous and possibly damaging endeavour. Vampirism and a beautiful girl are this man's fantasy world, but they are also the fantasies of your readers, the elements that sell your magazine. One look at your

cover proves this: a painting of a beautiful girl, her mouth dripping with blood.

My point is, the drug-induced effects depicted in "Shards" are desirable to your readers; they would love to have as vivid and realistic an experience as this. If they didn't enjoy this type of fantasy, they wouldn't be reading the magazine in the first place.

"Shards of a Crystal Rainbow," I say, although written with the best intentions in mind, was an irresponsible use of the comics medium—something I hope won't happen again.

Ken Peters
362 Yale Station
New Haven, CT 06520

Doug Moench replies:

Remaining ignorant to the consequences of a stupid act is far more dangerous than cognizance could ever be, which brings me to Point One: Unmentionably Evil and Dangerous Subjects remain evil and dangerous by remaining unmentioned. Keeping things in the dark

casts a pall of darkness over them.

So I wrote "Shards of the Crystal Rainbow" with, as Ken Peters states, the best intentions in mind. Drugs lie; they promulgate false fantasies, warp perceptions, make you see white rabbits and cheshire cats as you stumblingly cross a super highway in the face of 90 mph steel juggernauts called Sporty or Elegant.

Point Two: The theme of "Crystal Rainbow" centers on the fact that the pernicious effect of drugs lies in their illusory abilities; the sordid, seamy, sleazy, ugly and often dangerous environment of the drug user is transformed through the rose-colored lenses of narcotic substances into an appealing fantasyland. And conversely.

And finally, Point Three: While I feel Tony DeZuniga did a magnificent job in translating my script into an illustrated story, perhaps—just perhaps—he over-romanticized certain aspects of the drug experience. But again, drugs MAKE things look romantic (albeit in variegated ways). Therein lies the danger, and—I had hoped, while writing "Rainbow"—the education.



READERS' POLL

Here we are again, with a smile on our faces, a song in our heart, and the order of readers' preference for the stories in VAMPIRE TALES #9 on our letters page. Need we say more?

- 1) "SHARDS OF A CRYSTAL RAINBOW!" by DOUG MOENCH & TONY DeZUNIGA, landsliding into first place on a crest of popular acclaim.
- 2) "BLEEDING TIME!" written by GERRY & CARLA CONWAY, with art by VIRGILIO REDONDO, ALFREDO ALCALA & TONY DeZUNIGA.
- 3) "BLOODMOON!" by MARV WOLFMAN, CHRIS CLAREMONT & TONY DeZUNIGA—tied with "BLOOD LUNGE!" by DOUG MOENCH & RUSS HEATH for third place.
- 4) "BLOOD STALKER!" by LARRY LEIBER & JESUS BLASCO; and, in last place by default—
- 5) "VAMPIRE OF THE INN!" our uncredited inside front cover by &

The name of the game is to list your votes separately following your letter (otherwise we have to guess in what order ya liked 'em by your comments), and to send the results to:

VAMPIRE TALES
Marvel Magazine Group
575 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

FINIS

FEARSOME FEATURES, FAR-OUT FABRICATIONS, AND FICTIONAL CONFIGURATIONS!

ITEM! The March winds are tossing around the tons of typewriting paper, so let's sleekly saunter into our astounding announcements, rambunctious revelations, and pandemonious predictions before we've completely blown our papyrus weed.

ITEM! First some bad news and some good news. For Marvel, bad news always seems to travel in threes. So it is, with no small amount of regret, that we announce the temporary cancellation of HAUNT OF HORROR, TALES OF THE ZOMBIE, MONSTERS UNLEASHED. Hold it! Hold it! Before you deluge us with those zillions of ticking packages, let us explain what we're doing for a mere moment. You Frantic Ones have been besieging us for more and more new magazines, and quite frankly we just can't keep adding more mags to our already crisis-laden time schedules, without cancelling some of our other books. There's only so much any trained armadillo can produce before going stark-raving crazy. So we've shelved the above three titles for the nonce. But in the meantime...

ITEM! ...which brings us to the *good news*! Hang loose, heroes, 'cause we're gonna let you in on our two newest black-and-white bombshells! Are you ready? Our first fantastic phantasmagoria is the ever-lovin'...ever-damned DOC SAVAGE, THE MAN OF BRONZE! The very firstish of this titillating tale features a 50 page epic extravaganza produced by Devil-May-Care DOUG MOENCH and Big JOHN BUSCEMA! And frankly, effendi, if that doesn't grab ya, there's also an *exclusive interview* with GEORGE PAL, the man responsible for the up-coming DOC SAVAGE movie-masterpiece! All this and more

awaits you in DOC SAVAGE! On sale in June!

ITEM! And, as if all that weren't enough to wog you right out of your tree, we're also adding KULL AND THE BARBARIANS! That's right, King Kull is back—and better than ever! And wait until you see what's backing up our Howardian hero, Frantic One! Once again Marvel is on the move!

ITEM! Y'know, sometimes we get so wrapped up in our purely ponderous ever-lovin' expansions, we tend to let our already established glitzy goodies slip our mind. Sooo, if you'll pardon our pulsatin' pride, we'd like to remind you that if you haven't joined F.O.D.M., our own furshlugginer fun-filled fan-club—well, people, you just don't know what you're missing! We kid thee not! For a paltry \$2.50, you get a membership card, a poster, sensational stick-ons and a four-issue sub to F.O.O.M. Magazine. All that plus discounts on all our merely marvelous merchandise...! So get to it, true believers! Send your shekles to F.O.O.M., c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP, 575 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022.

ITEM! Now then, back to our regularly scheduled plugs and unabashed ad-hypes! Pop the corks and pass out the o-o-gars! We're celebratin' 'cause Sluggin' SONNY TRINIDAD and his marvelous Missus announced the arrival of a blushing boy (Sonny's sonny?) on December 19th! From all of us here in the Bullpen—congrats! Also, a tip of the Marvel get-well card to Magnificent MARY DEZUNIGA, whose just come out of the hospital after a long week's stay. Take care, Mary—and the Bullpen sends you our best!

ITEM! And last, but not least, coming in the sensational

second issue of MARVEL PREVIEW—the PUNISHER! You heard it right, Tiger. Fresh from his appearances in the pages of SPIDER-MAN, with a sensational script by Merry GERRY CONWAY, and art by Terrific TONY DEZUNIGA! Plus a back-up feature starring DOMINIQUE FORTUNE by Hilarious HOWIE CHAYKIN and Lively LEN WEIN! Gee, who says Christmas comes only once a year!

ITEM! And now on to our covartin' checklist!

UNKNOWN WORLDS OF SCIENCE FICTION #3. "Repent Harlequin, Said The Tick-Tock Man." Harlan Ellison's award-winning SF tale of a future-gone-mad is finally adapted by the titanic talents of Rascally ROY THOMAS and Affable ALEX NINO. Also! An exclusive interview with FRANK HERBERT, the author of DUNE...and a brand new story on Dune world. **ON SALE: February 25.**
DRACULA LIVES #12. The Prince of Evil in his early years—spreading terror across the peasant countryside, a super-special movie-length tale of terror. Also: "Sins Of The Father!" A Dracula short-shocker. **ON SALE: March 4.**
PLANET OF THE APES #8. "The Planet Inheritors"—a simian masterwork by Demonic DOUG MOENCH and Monkeyish (?) MIKE PLOOG. Also: Chapter three of "Beneath The Planet Of The Apes!" **ON SALE: March 18.**
SAVAGE TALES #10. KA-ZAR unleashed in the Savage Land! And at his side, Zabu! Also featuring, SHANNA the SHE-DEVIL! **ON SALE: March 25.**
DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU #12. A special JAMES BOND issue, with a bonus fact and photo feature on "The Man With The Golden Gun!" Plus: Sheng-Chi, Master of Kung Fu, and Sons Of The Tiger! **ON SALE: April 18.**

AT LAST. THE GREATEST EVENT IN THIS OR ANY OTHER CENTURY!

THE MIGHTY MARVEL CON comes alive!

Four incredible days! Four fun-filled nights! The most Incredible Comicon ever! With guest stars! All the Bullpen greats! And even MORE!

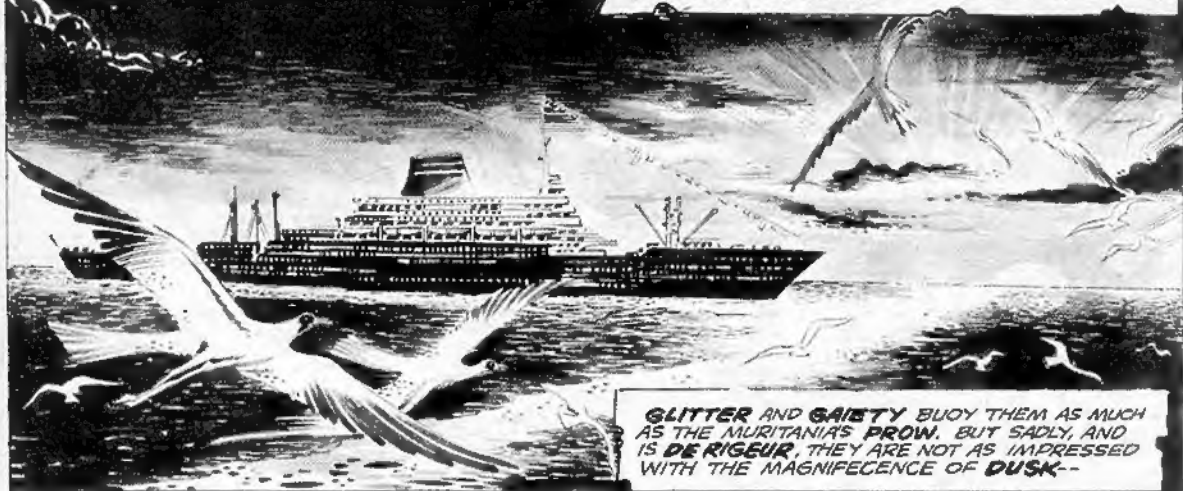
Now remember the dates: MARCH 21-24. And the location: THE HOTEL COM-MODORE—right above GRAND CENTRAL STATION in fun-city itself.

DON'T DARE MISS THIS ONE, FRANTIC ONE! IT'S THE COMICON YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!



MURITANIA IS MAGNIFICENT IN THE DUSK. PROUDLY, SHE CLEAVES A SLICK TROUGH THROUGH THE CRIMSON-GLAZED ATLANTIC... AND SEEMS ALMOST SMUG IN HER STATUS AS THE WORLD'S PREMIERE LUXURY-LINER.

AND WELL SHE SHOULD BE--FOR GRACING HER GLEAMING DECKS IS A FULL COMPLEMENT OF THAT COMPLACENT HORDE KNOWN AS THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE: THE WEALTHY AND THE GLAMOROUS, JADED SOPHISTICATES AND DECADENT SYBARITES, THE FAVORED EXPONENTS OF HAUTE COUTURE AND SLOVENLY CHIC ALIKE.



GLITTER AND GAIETY BUOY THEM AS MUCH AS THE MURITANIA'S PROW. BUT SADLY, AND IS DE RIGUEUR, THEY ARE NOT AS IMPRESSED WITH THE MAGNIFICENCE OF DUSK--

--AS THEY ARE WITH THEIR OWN PRESENCE.

GET A FRESH CASE OF CHAMPAGNE FROM CARGO, EDDIE. WE DON'T WANT THE PASSENGERS GETTING DRY WHISTLES.

YES, SIR.



CHAMPAGNE-- I'D LIKE TO TAKE A BOTTLE AND STICK IT--

WAIT A MINUTE-- WHAT'S THAT?

PINEAPPLES. WELL, IF THEY'RE STREWN ALL OVER THE FLOOR--

--WHAT THE BLOODY BLUE DEVIL IS IN THEIR CRATE--?



PRYING THE CRATE OPEN...

ARRGH!

...THE CREWMAN LEARNS THAT SOME QUESTIONS SHOULD NEVER BE ASKED.

NO--!!
LET GO OF ME!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING--?!

WHAT I
MUST,
FOOL!

UNDER THE SUN, I WOULD
BEG YOUR FORGIVENESS!
BUT NOW I DO ONLY WHAT
I MUST-- ONLY WHAT I
WANT TO DO...

YOU SHOULD
NEVER HAVE AWAKENED
ME, FOOL! I'VE SLEPT
TOO LONG WITH
THE THIRST--!



THE MAGNIFICENCE OF
DUSK HAS PASSED.
LEAVING ONLY THE GLOOM
OF NIGHT TO HOLD EVIL
SWAY...

NIGHT, AND THE THRILL
OF HOT, BUBBLING BLOOD
SUCKED FROM A STILL-LIVING
VEIN...

NIGHT, AND THE BLEATING
WHIMPER OF A MAN DYING
TO FEED THAT WHICH IS NO
LONGER A MAN.

NIGHT, AND THE
DEPRAVED THIRST
OF--



DEATH KISS



IT IS OVER NOW. THE THIRST HAS BEEN SLAKED, AND THE LAST SWALLOW OF BLOOD HAS BEEN FOUL. FOR WITH THE RETURN OF SANITY, BRIGHT LUST IS USURPED BY STARK HORROR...

AGAIN--!
I'VE MURDERED
AGAIN--!?



MY GOD--WHEN
WILL IT END?! HOW
MANY TIMES IS THIS?

HOW MANY
TIMES WILL I BE
DAMNED TO HELL
AGAINST MY WILL--?!



HEY, EDDIE--!
WHAT'S KEEPING
YOU? THE CAPTAIN
WANTS THAT
CHAMPAGNE--
NOW!



YOU DOWN
THERE, EDDIE...?

FOOTSTEPS--
HE'S COMING DOWN
THE STAIRS...

EDDIE--!?



GOOD
LORD--THE
BLOOD...!!



"IT'S THE DINNER HOUR--
MAYBE THE DECKS WILL
BE CLEAR..."



"...BUT WHETHER THEY
ARE OR NOT, I'VE
GOT TO CHANCE IT--!"



THANK GOD
IT'S SAFE.

THERE'S
NO ONE
AROUND...



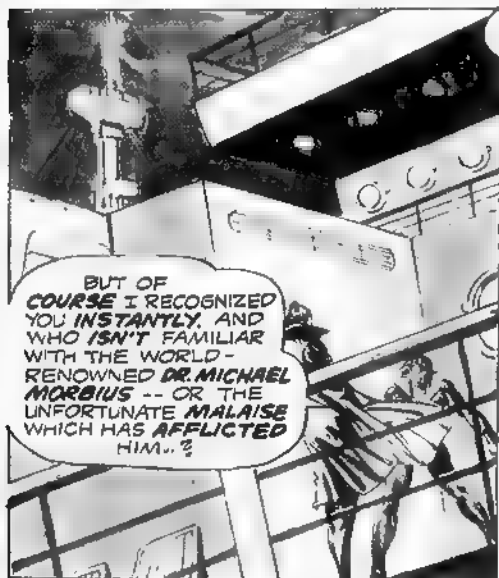
BUT WHERE
DO I GO FROM
HERE--?

WHERE--?



DON'T LOOK SO
VEXED. STOWING
AWAY ISN'T A
CAPITAL CRIME...

WHO--?/?



THOUGH PERHAPS **BAFFLING**, THE DECISION IS **NOT** DIFFICULT. MORBIUS **DONS** THE VOLUMINOUS CLOAK--



NOW THAT'S THE **SENSIBLE** ATTITUDE.



...AND FOLLOWS HIS ALLURINGLY MYSTERIOUS SAMARITAN. IN **BETTER** TIMES, MORBIUS MIGHT HAVE BEEN ATTRACTED TO THIS DARKLY SENSUOUS WOMAN...MIGHT HAVE **BECOME** OBSESSED WITH HER SULTRY BEAUTY...

BUT NOW HE **FEARS** AN OBSESSION...WITH HER **BLOOD**.



COME IN... SAID THE **SPIDER** TO THE **FLY**...

MAKE YOURSELF **COMFORTABLE** IN MY DARK AND TANGLED **WEB**.

AH... **THANK** YOU...



I'LL ONLY TAKE A MINUTE TO **CHANGE** -- AND THEN WE CAN GO UP ON DECK TO WATCH THE **FIREWORKS** DISPLAY TOGETHER!

BUT I CAN'T GO UP ON THE DECK AGAIN--!



OF **COURSE** YOU CAN-- AND THEY'LL PROBABLY AWARD YOU FIRST PRIZE IN THE **COSTUME** BALL.



I...

... **SEE**.

A **STRANGELY** APPEALING WOMAN... **STRANGE** INDEED.

SHORTLY, AS THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE VOLUNTARILY DISGUISE THEMSELVES IN RICTOUS HUES OF THE GROTESQUE AND BIZARRE...

THEY SHOULD BE LIGHTING THE ROMAN CANDLES SOON. DO YOU LIKE ROMAN CANDLES?

I DID... ONCE.

BUT ARE YOU CERTAIN I WON'T BE DETECTED HERE?

POSITIVE.

ALL RIGHT--I CHOOSE TO BELIEVE YOU. IT'S EASIER THAN WORRYING. BUT YOU STILL HAVEN'T TOLD ME WHY YOU'VE BEFRIENDED ME...

BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT EVIL. YOU'RE A VICTIM OF EVIL...

...AS I AM

WE'RE BOTH HELPLESS.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

YOU'RE A VAMPIRE-- FORCED TO KILL FOR BLOOD

WROOOOHH

AND I, TOO, AM FORCED TO KILL.

YOU...?

FORCED TO KILL VAMPIRES.

LOOK AT THEM UP THERE-- DEADLY EXPLOSIONS TURNED INTO THINGS OF BEAUTY. THE PURPLE ONES ARE ESPECIALLY--

FORGET THE FIRE-- WORKS, WOMAN...

PLEASE... I TOLD YOU MY NAME WAS **MORGANA**.

VERY WELL, **MORGANA**--
EXPLAIN
WHAT YOU'VE
JUST SAID.



IT'S VERY
SIMPLE: I AM FORCED
TO **KILL VAMPIRES**. BUT
DON'T GET ME **WRONG**--
I'M NO **ALTRUIST** OR SELF-
APPOINTED **CRUSADER**
AGAINST THE **SUPERNATURAL**...

THE **BARE TRUTH** IS I ACT
PURELY IN **SELF-DEFENSE**--
KILLING **THEM** BEFORE THEY
CAN **KILL ME**... AS THEY HAVE
ALREADY KILLED MY HUSBAND..
YOU **SEE**--AND BELIEVE OR NOT
--THERE IS A **CONSPIRACY**
AFOOT IN ENGLAND...

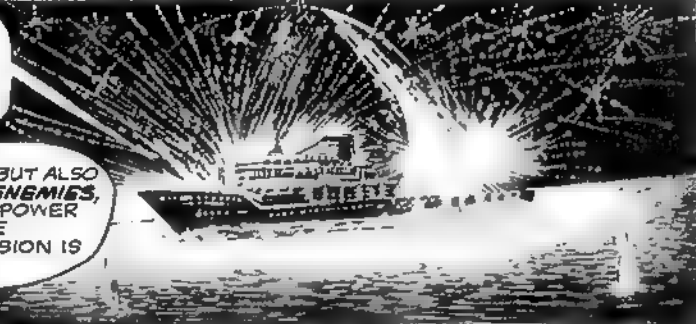
...A **SINISTER** AND **QUITE**
DIABOLICAL PLOT TO SYSTEM-
ATICALLY ASSUME THE **CONTROL**
AND **WEALTH** OF THE COUNTRY.



IT IS A **CONSPIRACY** OF
VAMPIRES--AN **ARISTOCRACY**
OF THE **UNDEAD**. YOU MIGHT
SAY... CONSISTING OF FORMERLY
INFLUENTIAL PEOPLE OF **GOOD**
STANDING AND **EXEMPLARY**
REPUTATIONS.

BEFORE THEY **DIED** AND WERE
REBORN AS **VAMPIRES**, THE MEMBERS
OF THIS **CONSPIRACY** OF THE **UNDEAD**
SERVED IN **PARLIAMENT**, OR ON THE
EXECUTIVE **BOARDS** OF **LARGE COR-**
PORATIONS--OR WERE MERELY BORN
INTO **WEALTHY FAMILIES**, OR
EVEN **ROYALTY**.

THEY **KILL**, AS YOU DO, FOR **BLOOD**--BUT ALSO
TO **AVENGE** THEMSELVES ON FORMER **ENEMIES**,
OR TO **CONVERT** MEN AND WOMEN OF **POWER**
TO THE **CULT** OF **VAMPIRISM**, WHERE
OBEDIENCE IN MATTERS OF **DECISION** IS
ASSURED.



YOU SEE IN THEIR
LIVES. THESE PEOPLE
ACQUAINTED A **TASTE** FOR
POWER AND **WEALTH**. THAT
TASTE, IT WOULD SEEM,
DIES HARDER THAN
ANY LIFE.

BUT YOU
DON'T **BELIEVE**
ME, DO YOU...?

YES... IT IS DIFFICULT TO
BELIEVE, ISN'T IT? WOULD YOU
BE **CONVINCED** IF I PROVED
THERE WAS **ANOTHER** VAMPIRE
--BESIDES **YOURSELF**--
ABOARD THIS SHIP AT THIS
VERY **MOMENT**...?

A **TRUE**
VAMPIRE--WHO
WISHES TO
MURDER ME...?

I...



DON'T SAY IT--
YOU THINK I'M
INSANE.

GO TO **STATEROOM**
228--THE ROOM IN WHICH I
AM **REGISTERED**, AND THE
ROOM WHICH I HAVE
EXCHANGED WITH ANOTHER
WOMAN...

NO...



GO ON--AND IF WHAT YOU FIND IN THAT ROOM SHOULD CONVINCE YOU.

WELL, JUST TAKE THIS CARD.



BUT WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT, CAPTAIN--? THERE WASN'T A DROP OF BLOOD LEFT IN EDDIE'S BODY...

OOOOH... LOOK AT THAT ONE!

...AND I WAS KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS BY A SINGLE BLOW!



FOR GOD'S SAKE THOSE FIRE-WORKS ARE STAINED WITH EDDIE'S BLOOD--THERE ARE CREWMEN MISSING--

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO--?

I HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST--BUT WE'RE CERTAINLY NOT GOING TO SEND THE PASSENGERS INTO PANIC WITH SOME CRAZY STORY ABOUT A VAMPIRE.



MAYBE IT IS CRAZY, BUT SOMEBODY RIPPED OFF EDDIE'S BLOOD AND--

HEY--GET A LOAD OF THIS COSTUME--! A HIPPIE DRACULA!



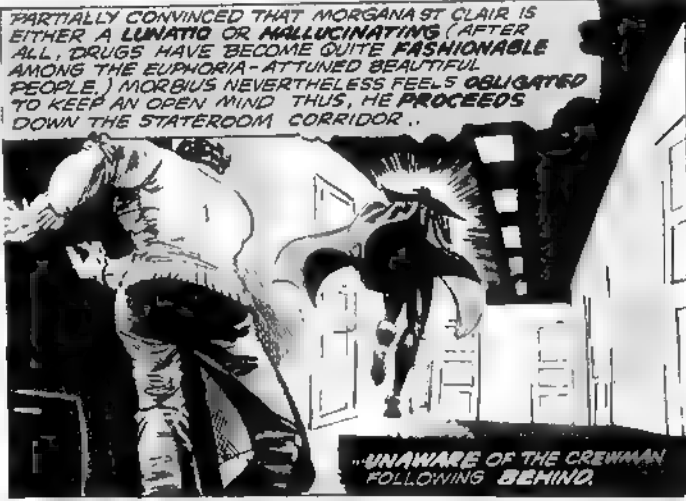
WAIT A MINUTE--IN A COSTUME PARTY, HE COULD BE ANYONE.

EVEN SOME-ONE IN AN OBVIOUS COSTUME--!



WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

TO TAKE A LOOK AT THE MASK BEHIND A FACE.



PARTIALLY CONVINCED THAT MORGANA ST CLAIR IS EITHER A LUNATIC OR HALLUCINATING (AFTER ALL, DRUGS HAVE BECOME QUITE FASHIONABLE AMONG THE EUPHORIA-ATTUNED BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE.) MORBIUS NEVERTHELESS FEELS OBLIGATED TO KEEP AN OPEN MIND. THUS, HE PROCEEDS DOWN THE STATEROOM CORRIDOR...

UNAWARE OF THE CREWMAN FOLLOWING BEHIND.

AT LEAST I'M ON
THE **RIGHT TRACK**.
22B MUST BE
JUST **AHEAD...**



UPON
REACHING
IT--



HOLD IT,
BUSTER--!

THAT'S **MRS.**
FRANKLIN'S ROOM,
AND **WHATEVER YOU**
ARE-- YOU AIN'T
A WOMAN!



THE **WORST** IS
REALIZED, AND
MORBIUS KNOWS
HIS ONLY CHOICE
IS **FLIGHT...**

BUT TURNING, HE FINDS
HIS ONLY AVENUE OF ESCAPE
NOW **BLOCKED...**



BEN-- STOP
THIS GUY--!

DON'T LET
HIM **PASS!!**

AND **NOW--** WITH
THE TWO CREWMEN
RAPIDLY
CONVERGING ON
HIM-- HE MUST
CREATE A **NEW**
AVENUE OF ESCAPE..



...BY **SLAMMING THROUGH**
THE DOOR TO **STATEROOM 22B**.



BRATH

HOLY BEJABBERS--!
THAT GUY **REALLY**
WANTS TO **GET AWAY!**

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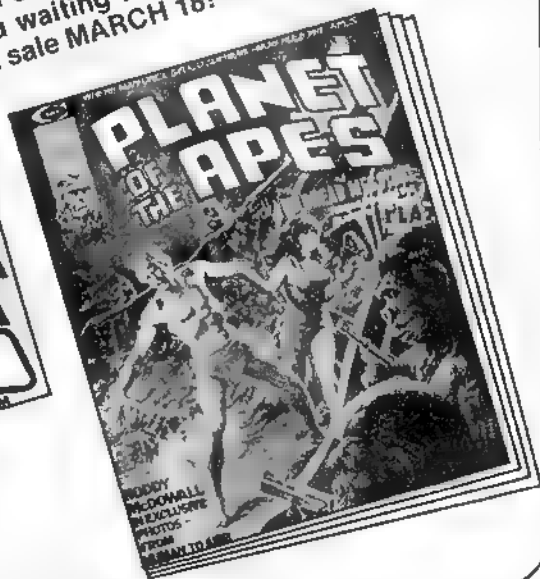
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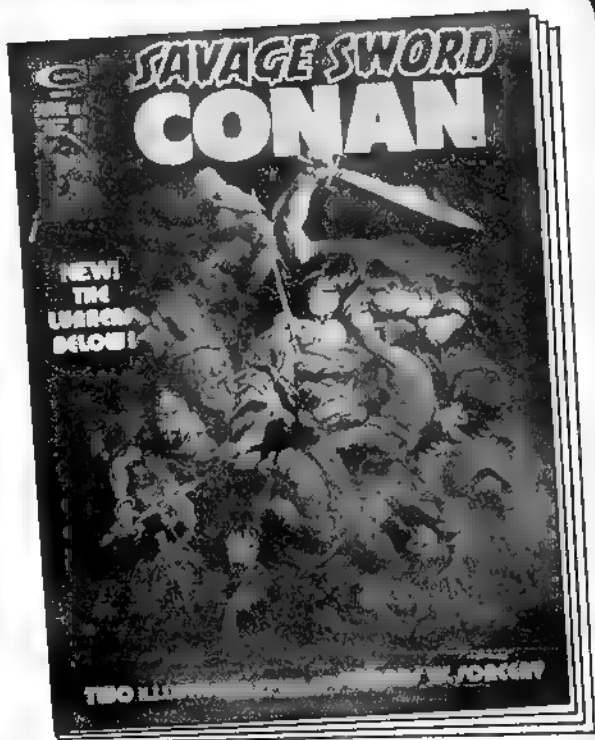
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INSIDE, THE SHOCKING
PROOF LIES DEAD ON THE
STATEROOM FLOOR... BRIGHT
BLOOD STILL OZZING FROM
THE LACERATIONS ON HER
THROAT...

TWO PUNCTURED GASHES
-- THE HELLISH MARK OF
A VAMPIRE...



A VAMPIRE WHO HAD SLAIN
THE WOMAN EVEN AS SHE
PREPARED TO DRESS FOR THE
GALA COSTUME BALL...

ALL RIGHT,
BEN--HE MIGHT
BE DANGEROUS,
BUT WE'VE GOT
HIM CORNERED
IN HERE...

JUST TAKE
IT SLOW AND
DON'T MOVE
UNTIL I DO--!

GOTCHA.

DECKHAND AND PORTER STALK
FORWARD NOW, HESITANTLY...
AWKWARDLY. THEY WOULD BE
EASY TO TAKE-- EASY TO SLAY...

NO-- WHATEVER THEY
WANT TO DO TO ME
THEY'RE STILL INNOCENT
I MUST FIND ANOTHER
WAY--!

FRANTICALLY CASTING HIS EYES
AROUND THE CRAMPED
STATEROOM, MORBIUS
FINDS THAT OTHER WAY...



...IN THE FORM OF
A PORTHOLE.



SHARDS OF GLASS
FLY DOWNWARD
TO THE SEA...

BUT MORBIUS SPECTACULARLY
RISES ALOFT, HIS HOLLOW BONES
RENDERING HIM NEARLY WEIGHTLESS,
HIS WINGS SCOOPING THE STIFF
WIND...

AND LIKE A BAT, HE
SOARS UPWARD--



—AND SWORDS
DRAMATICALLY
OVER THE
CROWDED DECK.

DO YOU
SEE THAT--?



AND WHEN
HE ALIGHTS, IT WOULD SEEM
THAT JADED THRILL-SEEKERS
BECOME CONSIDERABLY LESS
JADED WHEN FACED WITH
ACTUAL THRILLS...

EEEEEE!

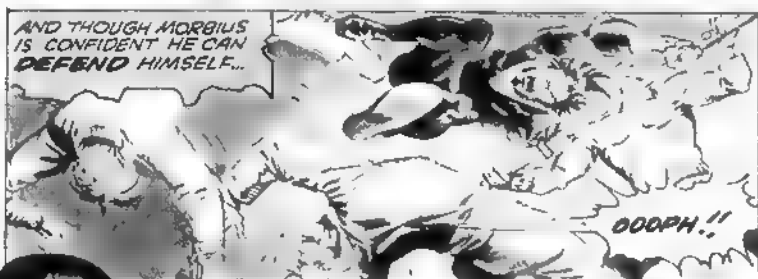


THAT'S
HIM--
STOP HIM!!

THEY SWARM AT
HIM NOW, CREWMEN
SWITCHING
CHAINS, GRAPPLING
HOOKS, OARS--
ANYTHING WHICH
MIGHT CONCEIVABLY
SERVE AS
A WEAPON...



RUSH HIM
TOGETHER--!!



AND THOUGH MORBIUS
IS CONFIDENT HE CAN
DEFEND HIMSELF...

OOOPH!!



...AND DEFEND HIMSELF
WELL...

YUUH!!



...HE KNOWS HE CANNOT DEFEND
HIMSELF FOREVER THEIR
NUMBER INCREASES RAPIDLY
NOW--FOR EACH CREWMAN WHO
FALLS, SIX MORE RISE FROM
BELOW DECK...

ALL RIGHT, BOYS--
HE'S REACHED THE END
OF THE SHIP NOW--!
HE'S GOT NOWHERE
TO GO!



THE MAN IN
MORBIUS AGREES
WITH THE CREW-
MAN'S STATEMENT...

...BUT THE VAM-
PIRE IN HIM PAUSES
FOR A VICIOUS
SMILE...



...BEFORE CON-
CEDING INEVITABLE
DEFEAT AND
HURLING HIMSELF
FROM THE HOSTILE
SHIP--



--TO SEEK FREEDOM
IN THE NIGHT WIND...

FAREWELL, MORBIUS
WE WILL MEET
AGAIN..

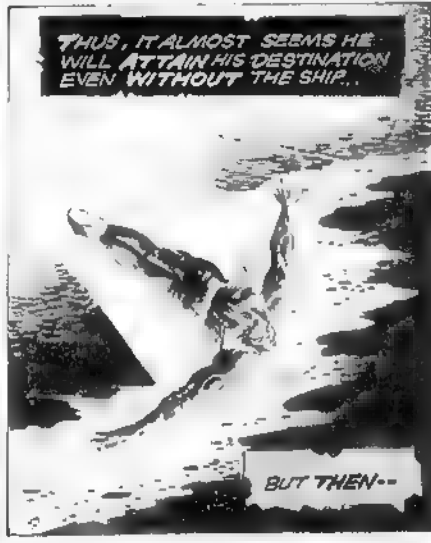
..AND VERY
SOON, I THINK.



AT FIRST, LUCK
IS WITH THE
LIVING VAMPIRE..



...FOR THE WIND IS STRONG,
AND BLOWS TOWARD ENGLAND..



THUS, IT ALMOST SEEMS HE
WILL ATTAIN HIS DESTINATION
EVEN WITHOUT THE SHIP..

BUT THEN--



THE WIND--
IT'S DYING. I'M
BEGINNING TO
FALL--!

THAT
PLANK
AHEAD..



IF I CAN
REACH IT..



AH! AT LEAST I
HAVE SOMETHING
TO CLING TO...

BUT THE COAST
MUST BE
HUNDREDS OF
MILES AWAY...

EVEN IF I MAKE
IT, I'LL HAVE TO GO
THROUGH AN ENTIRE
DAY OF DIRECT
SUNLIGHT!

I'VE NEVER EVEN
DETERMINED...
IF I CAN SURVIVE
THROUGH THAT
MUCH OF IT...



WINSTON,
CAN YOU
HEAR ME...?

IS IT YOUR
HEART--?

...BUT INSTEAD THEY
CHOOSE TO REMAIN
SILENT...

...IF NOT UNSEEN.

THE SHADOWS
WOULD DEMUR...

WHO--?/?

HARKINS--?/?

YES... I WAS
HARKINS. BUT NOW
DEAR ROBERT--

--NOW I AM
DEAD.

OH, BUT
IT CAN, LORD
ROBERT... AS YOU
WILL SOON
LEARN.

NO--IT
CAN'T BE!
STAY
BACK--!

STAY AWAY
FROM ME, I
SAY--!!

HELP--!!
HELP ME!!
HEEEELP!!

BUT LORD ROBERT
BENTLEY'S HELP
ALREADY LIES DEAD
ON THE FLOOR...
CURSED FOR HIS
CLUMSINESS.

NO--IT
CAN'T BE--!

DUSK, THREE DAYS LATER...

THE SUN HAS BEEN HARSH THESE PAST DAYS...

...UNUSUALLY HARSH FOR THIS REGION'S NORMAL CLIMATE...

...AND NO ONE KNOWS THIS BETTER THAN THE SORRY FORM CLINGING TO A PIECE OF FLOTSAM WITH HIS LAST SHRED OF STRENGTH...

...MORBIUS, THE LIVING VAMPIRE...

HE HAD UNDERESTIMATED THE DISTANCE TO THE ENGLISH COAST, AS WELL AS THE TIME REQUIRED TO REACH IT...

BUT A QUESTION HAS BEEN ANSWERED...

HE CAN SURVIVE A DAY OF DIRECT SUNLIGHT...

INDEED, HE HAS SURVIVED THREE...

...BUT JUST BARELY, THUS RAVAGED BY EXPOSURE... EXHAUSTED... AND A THREADLINE FROM DEATH...

THIRSTING...

...HE STAGGERS UP THE BEACH.

AND ELSEWHERE--

I'M SORRY I RESISTED. I UNDERSTAND NOW

...FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE.

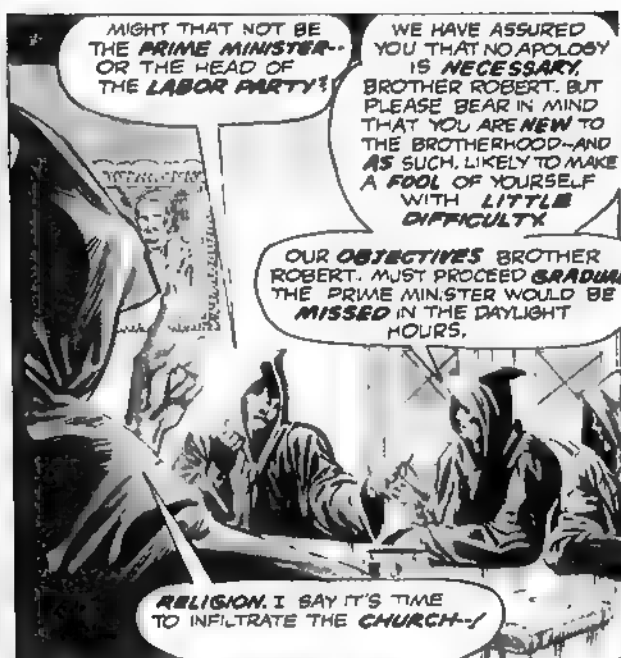
NO APOLOGY IS NECESSARY, BROTHER NONE OF US UNDERSTOOD BEFORE OUR INITIATION TO THE NIGHT.

SUFFICE TO SAY THAT WE WELCOME YOU AS THE LAST TO JOIN THE TABLE OF TWELVE. THERE IS ONE OTHER-- SOMEWHAT UNUSUAL AND POSSIBLY IMPORTANT-- CANDIDATE ELIGIBLE FOR ACCEPTANCE TO OUR TABLE...

...BUT SINCE HIS WILLINGNESS HAS YET TO BE ASCERTAINED, I SUGGEST WE PROCEED WITH OUR NEXT MATTER OF BUSINESS...

OUR NEXT VICTIM MUST BE A PERSON OF INFLUENCE-- SOMEONE WHO CAN ADVANCE OUR CAUSE...

...AND ELEVATE THE STATUS OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF JUDAS.



MIGHT THAT NOT BE THE **PRIME MINISTER**-- OR THE HEAD OF THE **LABOR PARTY**?

WE HAVE ASSURED YOU THAT NO APOLOGY IS **NECESSARY**, BROTHER ROBERT. BUT PLEASE BEAR IN MIND THAT YOU ARE **NEW** TO THE BROTHERHOOD--AND AS SUCH, LIKELY TO MAKE A **FOOL** OF YOURSELF WITH **LITTLE DIFFICULTY**.

OUR **OBJECTIVES** BROTHER ROBERT, MUST PROCEED **GRADUALLY**. THE **PRIME MINISTER** WOULD BE **MISSED** IN THE DAYLIGHT HOURS.

RELIGION, I SAY IT'S TIME TO INFILTRATE THE **CHURCH**--!



I **AGREE**.

LET THE **CROSS-WIELDING PRIESTS** LEARN THE **GLORY** OF THE **NIGHT**!

YES-- LET THEM FEEL THE **FIRE** OF THEIR OWN **CROSSES**!

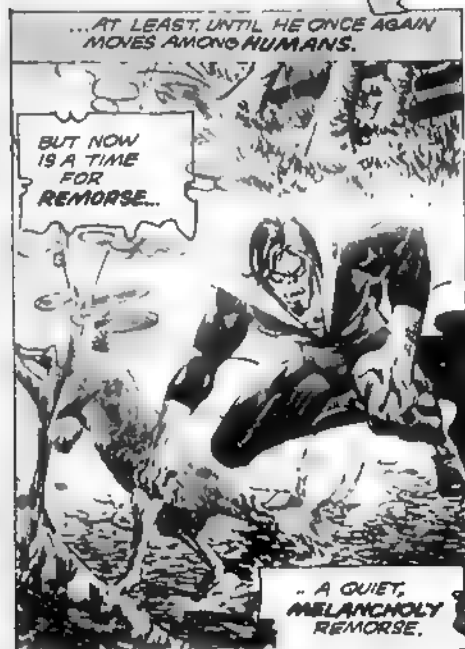


THEN IT IS **DECIDED**. A **PRIEST** SHALL **DIE**...

...AND BE **REBORN** TO A **NEW RELIGION**-- AT **SUNDAY'S** AND **NIGHT**--!



THE **TASTE** IS **BITTER** WITH A **TANG** LESS THAN **SATISFYING**. BUT IT HAS **REPLENISHED** HIS **STRENGTH** AND **WILL** **SUFFICE**, **MORBIUS** KNOWS...



...AT LEAST, UNTIL HE ONCE AGAIN MOVES AMONG **HUMANS**.

BUT NOW IS A TIME FOR **REMORSE**...

... A **QUIET, MELANCHOLY** REMORSE.



YES, THE **ANIMAL** WAS MORE **GENTLE** AND **INNOCENT** BY FAR... THAN MANY **PEOPLE** HE HAS **KNOWN**.

BUT HE CANNOT **BROOD** FOREVER OVER SUCH **THOUGHTS**...



... WHEN THERE IS ALWAYS THE **FUTURE** TO **CONTEMPLATE**.

THAT **BEACH** LOOKED LIKE IT MIGHT BE A **VACATION** SPOT IN THE **SUMMER**...

MUST BE A **ROAD** THROUGH THESE **WOODS** **SOMEWHERE**.

BUT HOW TO **FIND** IT...?

FIND IT. AND FOLLOW IT TO HIS **PURPOSE** HERE IN **ENGLAND**... FOLLOW IT TO A **CURE** FOR HIS **VAMPIRIC TAIN**... FOLLOW IT TO--

--LONDON... AND THE ESTATE OF A FORMER FRIEND...

THE ESTATE OF DR. SAMUEL HARKINS, WORLD RENOWNED RESEARCHER INTO DISEASES OF THE BLOOD...

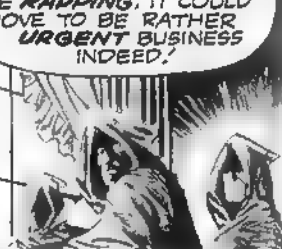
DISEASES, PERHAPS, SIMILAR TO THE ONE WHICH AFFLICTS MORBIUS--AND CURSES HIM WITH AN EXISTENCE SIMULATING THAT OF A VAMPIRE.

IRONIC, THEN, THAT THE ONE MAN WHO HAD RECEIVED EVEN MORE RECOGNITION THAN DR. HARKINS SHOULD NOW SEEK HIS AID...

...BUT DR. MICHAEL MORBIUS CANNOT AFFORD TO BE PROUD.

EXCUSE ME, BROTHERS, IT SEEMS SOMEONE IS AT MY DOOR...

...AND FROM THE SOUND OF THE RAPPING, IT COULD PROVE TO BE RATHER URGENT BUSINESS INDEED!



MICHAEL--! GOOD LORD, MAN, HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN--?

UNDOUBTEDLY ATTRIBUTABLE TO THE TRAGIC DISEASE WHICH HAS OVERTAKEN YOU...

BUT YOUR FACE-- SO PALLID... ALMOST LIKE DEATH ITSELF

YOU... KNOW OF MY DISEASE?

BUT OF COURSE.

COME IN, MAN--YOU CAN'T STAND OUT THERE ALL NIGHT.

YES--MOST ANXIOUSLY AND QUITE LOGICALLY.

NOW THEN, HOW COULD I NOT KNOW OF YOUR DISEASE? I AM A SPECIALIST, AFTER ALL... YOUR INFIRMITY-- AS WELL AS YOUR EXPLOITS, I MIGHT ADD--ARE A FAVORITE SUBJECT OF THE NEWS-PAPER JOURNALISTS, YOU KNOW...

IN FACT, I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOUR VISIT.

YOU HAVE...?



AFTER ALL, WE ARE BIRDS OF A FEATHER, SO TO SPEAK.

BUT COME-- WE CAN SPEAK MORE COMFORTABLY IN THE LIBRARY.





BESIDES,
I SHOULD LIKE
YOU TO MEET
SOME OF MY
ASSOCIATES...

MORBIUS ENTERS THE
AUSTERE LIBRARY...



...AND FACES THE
TABLE OF TWELVE
MINUS ONE
A SOMEWHAT
DISCONCERTING
AND INCONGRUOUS
GROUP AT BEST...

THE IMAGE BROUGHT TO MIND...
IS A BIZARRE ONE: AN ASCETIC
BOARD OF MONKS CONVENED TO
DISCUSS THE AGGRANDIZEMENT
OF CORPORATE FINANCES...

HARKINS--!

WHO ARE
THESE--



THE FUTURE
RULERS OF ENGLAND,
MORBIUS-- THE
BROTHERHOOD
OF JUDAS

JUDAS?!



YES, MORBIUS--
AND WE
WELCOME YOU
TO OUR TABLE.

NEED, WE HAVE
LONG BEEN ATTEMPTING
TO CONTACT YOU. WE HAVE
EVEN DISPATCHED SEVERAL
EMISSARIES FOR THAT
PURPOSE ALONE...

BUT IT WOULD SEEM
YOUR NEW LIFESTYLE
HAS RENDERED YOU
SOMEWHAT INACCESSIBLE
--EVEN TO AN OLD
FRIEND SUCH AS
MYSELF

BUT NOW
THAT YOU ARE FINALLY HERE,
WE WOULD LIKE TO MAKE
A PROPOSAL TO YOU...

WHAT KIND OF
PROPOSAL, HARKINS?

WE WOULD
LIKE YOU TO
JOIN US...



... IN A GROWING
ALLIANCE OF THE
UNDEAD.

THE SMILE IS A WICKED
ONE CROWNED WITH THE
TWIN FANGS OF A VAMPIRE...
BARBED AND GLEAMING...



AND MORBIUS CAN
DO NOTHING BUT
STARE--APPALLED
--AT THIS MAN HE
HAD HOPED WOULD
CURE HIM OF VAM-
PIRISM... NOW A
VAMPIRE HIMSELF...

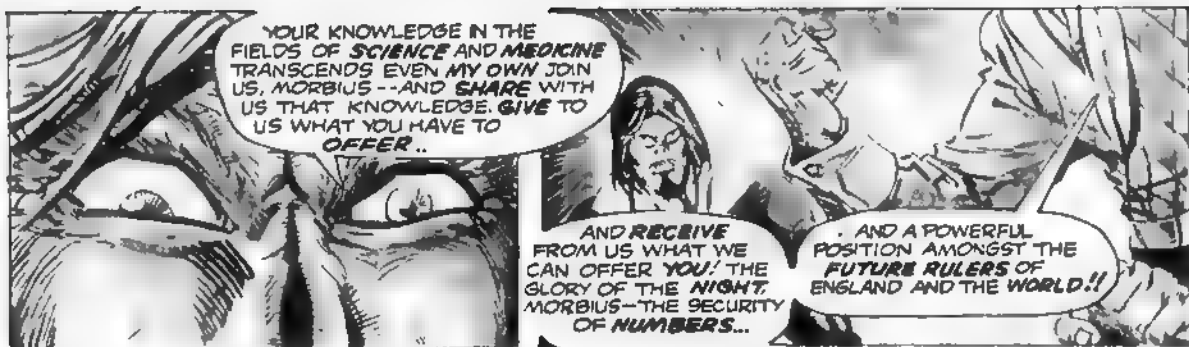
--AND ADVOCATE
OF SAME.



YES, MICHAEL...WE ARE
ALL VAMPIRES--A UNITED
BROTHERHOOD OF
VAMPIRES...



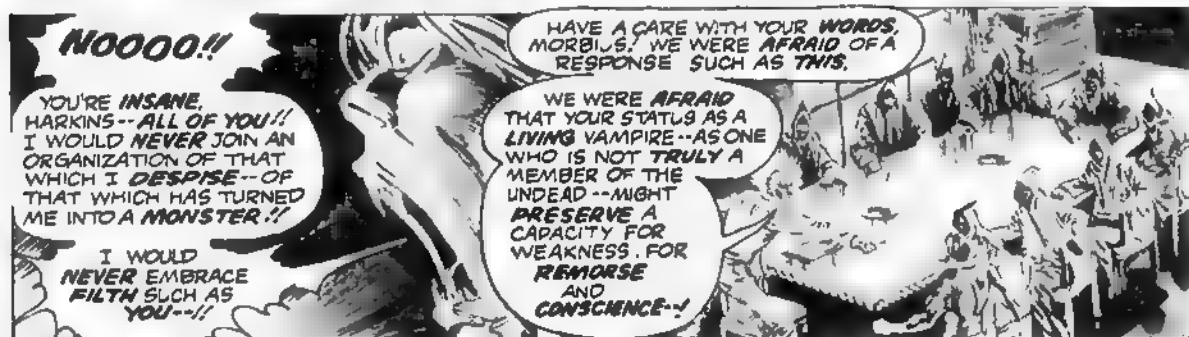
A BROTHERHOOD
WHOSE RANKS SWELL
WITH EACH PASSING
NIGHT. AND YOUR
PLACE AT THIS TABLE,
MORBIUS, WOULD
PROVE AN ASSET
TO OUR GROWING
ORGANIZATION..



YOUR KNOWLEDGE IN THE
FIELDS OF **SCIENCE AND MEDICINE**
TRANSCENDS EVEN MY OWN JOIN
US, MORBIUS --AND **SHARE** WITH
US THAT KNOWLEDGE. **GIVE TO**
US WHAT YOU HAVE TO
OFFER..

AND **RECEIVE**
FROM US WHAT WE
CAN OFFER YOU! THE
GLORY OF THE **NIGHT**,
MORBIUS--THE SECURITY
OF **NUMBERS...**

AND A POWERFUL
POSITION AMONGST THE
FUTURE RULERS OF
ENGLAND AND THE **WORLD!!**



NOOOO!!

YOU'RE **INSANE**,
HARKINS--**ALL OF YOU!!**
I WOULD **NEVER** JOIN AN
ORGANIZATION OF THAT
WHICH I **DESPISE**--OF
THAT WHICH HAS TURNED
ME INTO A **MONSTER!!**

I WOULD
NEVER EMBRACE
FILTH SUCH AS
YOU--!!

HAVE A CARE WITH YOUR **WORDS**,
MORBIUS. WE WERE **AFRAID** OF A
RESPONSE SUCH AS **THIS**.

WE WERE **AFRAID**
THAT YOUR STATUS AS A
LIVING VAMPIRE--AS ONE
WHO IS NOT **TRULY** A
MEMBER OF THE
UNDEAD--MIGHT
PRESERVE A
CAPACITY FOR
WEAKNESS. FOR
REMORSE
AND
CONSCIENCE--!



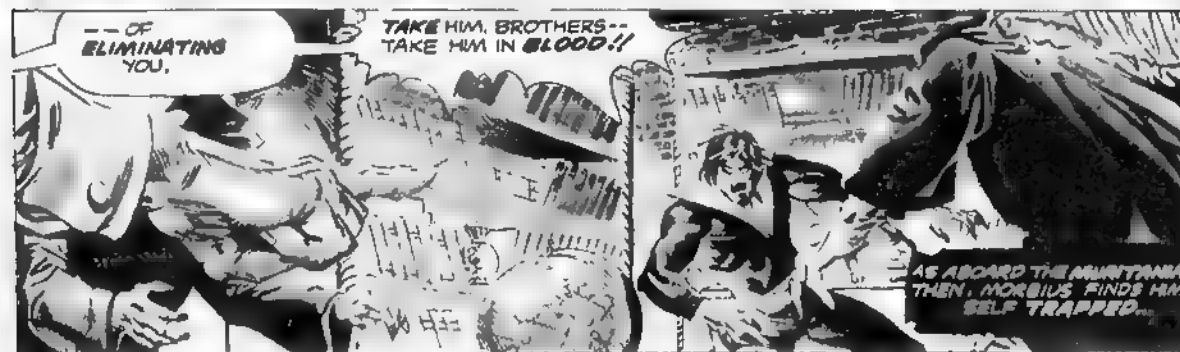
SLOWLY, THE
ROBED AND
COWLED
BROTHER-
HOOD RISES...

IT IS UNFORTUNATE THAT YOU
HAVE **BORNE** OUR FEARS INTO
THE **OPEN**, FOR YOU HAVE NOW
REVEALED YOURSELF AS A
THREAT TO US--



--AND YOUR **POTENTIAL** AS
A **THREAT CONTR.BUTED** TO
OUR **REASONS** FOR WISHING
TO **CONTACT YOU--!**

YOU **SEE**,
DEAR **MICHAEL**, WE
WERE **AWARE** OF THE
POSSIBLE **NECESSITY--**



-- OF
ELIMINATING
YOU.

TAKE HIM, BROTHERS--
TAKE HIM IN BLOOD!!

AS ABOARD THE **MOUNTAINA**,
THEN, MORBIUS FINDS HIM-
SELF **TRAPPED...**



...AND FORCED TO FIGHT FOR HIS LIFE--A LIFE HE CAN NEVER CHERISH...AND YET CAN NEVER SURRENDER.

BUT UNLIKE THE BATTLE ABOARD THE MURITANIA, THERE IS MORE THAN OPEN SEA AT MORBIUS' BACK-- THERE ARE PROPS FOR THIS TABLEAU OF VIOLENCE...PROPS THE LIVING VAMPIRE PUTS TO GOOD USE...



--BEFORE HURLING HIMSELF INTO PERFORMANCE, IN BODY, IF NOT QUITE SOUL...



GET BACK SCUM!!

GET BACK BEFORE I RIP YOU APART WITH THE LAST SHRED OF DISGUST I COMMAND!!

BUT, PERHAPS, A SEMBLANCE OF SOUL...



THEY LUNGE TOGETHER, WITH THE SPEED OF TEN AND THE STRENGTH OF A HUNDRED...



BUT IT IS NOTHING COMPARED TO THE RAGE OF ONE MAN...ONE MAN WHO SEES IN THESE VAMPIRES ALL THAT IS VILE AND DEPRAVED IN HIMSELF...



ALL THAT MUST BE DESTROYED...



YOU WANT TO RULE THE WORLD, FIENDS--



...WELL, TAKE THE WORLD THEN!!

AND MAY IT STICK IN YOUR BLOOD-GULPING THROATS!!



UNFF!!

A RESPIRE NOW, AND A CLEAR PATH TO--

--THE WINDOW.



Morgana St. Clair
No 14 KENSINGTON
LONDON, SW 3

MORGANA ST CLAIR IS NOT A PARTICULARLY VAIN WOMAN. HER BEAUTY WAS A GIFT OF BIRTH, AND IT HAS REQUIRED ONLY MILD EFFORT TO PARLAY HER CONGENITAL BLESSING INTO AN EXISTENCE OF LUXURY AND LEISURE...



I CAN UNDERSTAND YOUR BITTERNESS. BUT STILL, YOU'RE HERE--WHICH MEANS YOU MUST HAVE BEEN **CONVINCED** BY WHAT YOU SAW IN THAT **STATEROOM**.

I WAS **MORE** CONVINCED BY WHAT I JUST SAW IN THE **LIBRARY** OF AN OLD **FRIEND**...

BUT ONE THING STILL **BOthers** ME...WHY DIDN'T YOU **REPORT** THAT WOMAN'S DEATH ABOARD THE **MURITANIA**...?

BECAUSE NO ONE WOULD BELIEVE A **VAMPIRE** HAD DONE IT... BECAUSE I WOULD HAVE BEEN HELD FOR **QUESTIONING**. AND BECAUSE THEY WOULD HAVE LEARNED OF THE **VAMPIRES**. I'VE KILLED...

...AND BECAUSE THEY'D NEVER BELIEVE **THEY** WERE **VAMPIRES EITHER**.

I'VE NO WISH TO BE CONVICTED OF **MURDER**. MORBIUS

BUT YOU MUST TELL ME OF YOUR FRIEND'S **LIBRARY**--AND WHETHER YOU'RE WILLING TO **JOIN** ME IN AN ATTEMPT TO **ERADICATE** THIS BROTHERHOOD OF **VAMPIRES**...

ERADICATE--?

WOULD YOU RATHER **JOIN** THEM?

GOOD. THEN WE SHALL TAKE A **WALK**--AND **DISCUSS** THE MATTER...

LONDON BY NIGHT: A PLACE OF LAND-MARKS AND **FOG**, COBBLES AND **HISTORY**. A **TIMELESS** CITY, RICH IN **ATMOSPHERE** AND **MYSTERY**...

--MUST **INFILTRATE** THE GROUP, MORBIUS. AND WE MUST DO IT **OURSELVES**--GOING TO THE **AUTHORITIES** WOULD ONLY ASSURE US OF **BUNKS** IN **BEDLAM**.

THEY WEAR **ROBES** AND **COWLS**--FAIRLY **CONCEALING**. IF WE KEEP OUR **HEADS** DOWN AND OUR **SPEAKING** TO A **MUMBLED MINIMUM**...

IT'S THE ONLY WAY, MORBIUS--THE ONLY WAY TO LEARN HOW MANY **MEMBERS** THEY HAVE AND **WHO** SOME OF THEM **ARE**.

ARE YOU **GANE**...?

IT ALL SOUNDS A BIT **JAMES BOND-ISH** TO ME... BUT THEN, I HAVEN'T GOT ANY **BETTER IDEAS**.

THEN IT'S **AGREED**. BUT **REMEMBER**--ONCE WE **INFILTRATE** THEM, WE'LL ATTEMPT TO TAKE THEM BY **SURPRISE ONLY** IF **JEOPARDY** IS AT AN **ABSOLUTE MINIMUM**.

I PROPOSE THIS **SUNDAY** AS THE DATE. IT MAY BE PURE **COINCIDENCE**, BUT SINCE EVERY **ATTEMPT ON MY LIFE** HAS OCCURRED ON A **SUNDAY**... IT WOULD SEEM TO BE THE ONE NIGHT THEY ARE MOST **ACTIVE**.

NOW--SINCE WE **KNOW** THAT **SAMUEL HARKINS** IS ONE OF THE **MEMBERS**, WE'LL MEET IN FRONT OF HIS **ESTATE**...

...JUST AFTER **DARK** THIS **SUNDAY**.



I'D INVITE YOU TO STAY WITH ME UNTIL THEN, BUT...

BUT YOU'VE **ALREADY** BEEN IN THE PRESENCE OF A VAMPIRE'S THIRST--AND YOU DON'T WISH TO **REPEAT** THE EXPERIENCE...

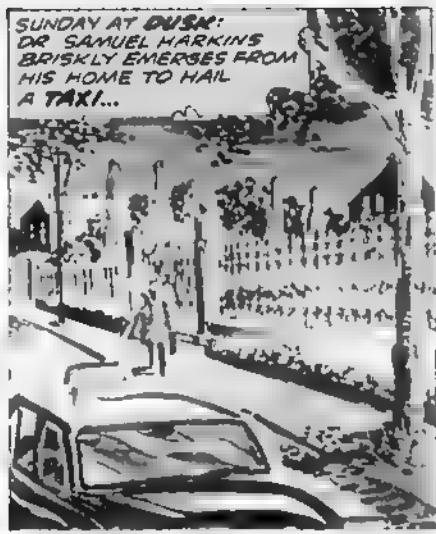


THAT'S A **DELICATE** WAY OF PHRASING IT MORBIUS

I UNDERSTAND.

UNTIL **SUNDAY**, THEN.

AND HE LEAVES TO GREET THE FOG.



SUNDAY AT DUSK: DR. SAMUEL HARKINS BRISKLY EMERGES FROM HIS HOME TO HAIL A TAXI...



HARKINS ENTERS THE CAB, NEVER NOTICING THE **PARKED** CAR LESS THAN HALF A KILOMETER DOWN THE STREET...



.. A CAR WHICH COUGHS TO LIFE AS THE CAB PULLS AWAY...

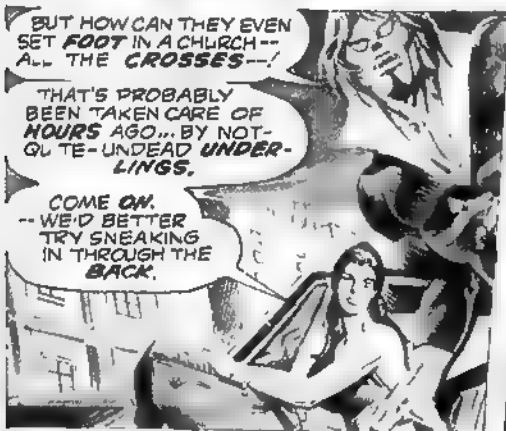


.. AND A CAR WHICH FOLLOWS THE CAB DIRECTLY TO ST. CONSIDINE'S CATHEDRAL A TOWERING MASS OF MAJESTIC ARCHITECTURE SITUATED TO THE NORTH OF REGENT'S PARK...



HARKINS DEBARKS FROM THE CAB STILL CARRYING HIS **AMBIGUOUS** PARCEL, AND HEADS FOR THE CATHEDRAL'S MAIN ENTRANCE...

A **STRANGE** AND **EXTREMELY** CONSPICUOUS HOUR TO VISIT A CHURCH... BUT APPARENTLY HARKINS IS SATISFIED THERE ARE NO WITNESSES TO HIS **REGULAR** ACTIONS...



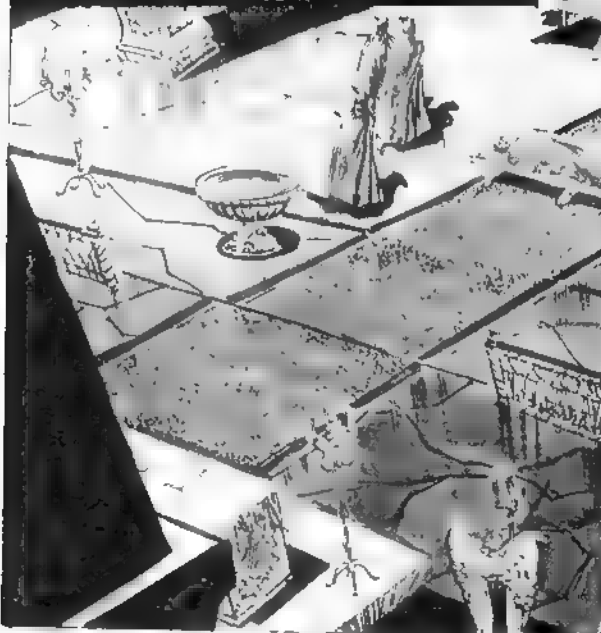
MINUTES LATER, A SENTRY WAITING IN THE CHURCH SACRISTY LOOKS UP AT THE SOUND OF RUSTLING CLOTH...

HASTEN, BROTHERS--
YOU ARE THE LAST TWO
TO ARRIVE.

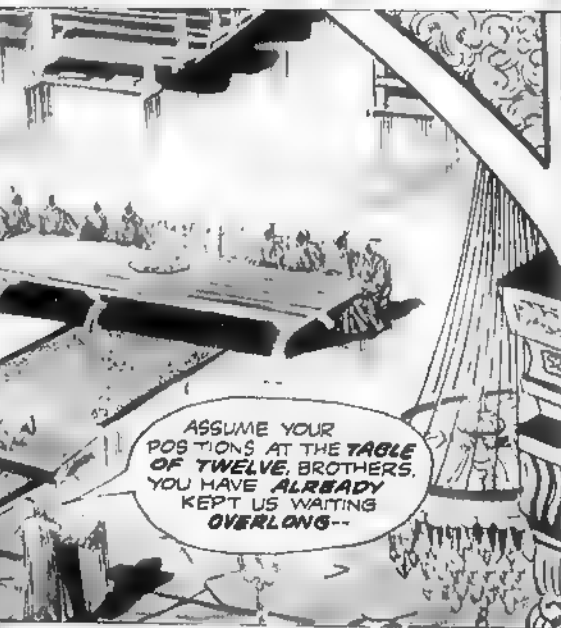


COME--THE
CEREMONY IS
ABOUT TO
COMMENCE.

AND SILENTLY, THE THREE ROBED FIGURES
LEAVE THE SACRISTY TO ENTER A CATHEDRAL
DEFILED IN SOLEMN SACRILEGE... ITS PRIEST
BOUND TO A TABLE IN FRONT OF AN ALTAR
STRIPPED OF ITS CROSS...



ASSUME YOUR
POSITIONS AT THE TABLE
OF TWELVE, BROTHERS.
YOU HAVE ALREADY
KEPT US WAITING
OVERLONG--



HEAR ME, PRIEST.
WE ARE THE
BROTHERHOOD OF
JUDAS.

WE ARE
GATHERED HERE
TO SLAY YOU IN
BLOOD.

I AM NOT
AFRAID...TO
MEET MY
MAKER.

"--AND AN EXPLANATION
WILL BE REQUIRED AT THE
CONCLUSION OF TONIGHT'S
CEREMONY."





WE ARE HERE TO
**DRINK THE BLOOD OF
YOUR DEATH, PRIEST--
FOR THE BLOOD IS
THE LIFE.**

GOD
WILLING, MY
BLOOD WILL ACT
AS **POISON** TO
THOSE SUCH AS
YOU.



RENOUNCE THE SINS OF
YOUR LIFE, PRIEST--FOR
SOON YOU WILL ENTER A
NEW LIFE, AND YOU MUST
BE CLEAN OF PURITY.

I RENOUNCE
MY SINS ONLY TO
MY GOD--NOT
TO YOU.



ARISE, BROTHER--
AND PREPARE THE
SACRAMENT.



SLOWLY, AS THOUGH GLIDING,
THE DESIGNATED VAMPIRE
MOVES TOWARD THE HELPLESS
PRIEST... HOLDING
TWELVE SILVER CHALICES
ON A PLATTER BEFORE HIM...

HOW DARE YOU
PROFANE THE SACRED
ARTICLES OF THIS CHURCH--?!



THE CHALICES ARE
PLACED BELOW THE
PRIEST'S HEAD. THEN,
LIPS WRITHED IN A
VICIOUS SNARL, FANGS
WICKEDLY DISTENDED,
THE VAMPIRE BENDS
DOWNWARD...



AND MORBID SPASMS IN
OUTRAGE--BEGINS TO RISE
IN PROTEST...



BUT UNDER THE TABLE,
MORGANA RESTRAINS HIM...



...AND HER CALM
SILENCE REMINDS
HIM OF THEIR
AGREEMENT, TO
BREACH THEIR
DISGUISE WITHOUT
HOPE OF SUCCESS
WOULD FORFEIT MORE
THAN THEIR OWN
LIVES...

...AND WOULD ASSURE THE
BROTHERHOOD OF JUDAS
A CONTINUED CAREER OF
ATROCITY...



THUS, IF THE BROTHERHOOD IS TO BE STOPPED...
...MORRIS MUST BE STOPPED... AND THE PRIEST
MUST BE SACRIFICED...



YOUR BLOOD
PRIEST-- MY FANGS
MUST FREE YOUR
BLOOD...

ASH-K!

MAY HEAVEN...
HAVE MERCY
UPON YOU...



IN STREAMING GOOTS,
THE BLOOD FLOWS
DOWN FROM THE
PRIEST'S BIER... AND
SPATTERS INTO THE
CHALICES OF SACRAMENT...



OUR FATHER...WHO
ART IN HEAVEN...

GRADUALLY, THE PLATTER
IS ROTATED...



..HALLOWED BE
THY NAME...
THY KINGDOM
COME...

...AND EACH CUP
IS FILLED IN TURN...



THY WILL BE
DONE...ON EARTH...

...AS IT IS IN
HEAVEN...



...UNTIL ALL TWELVE
HAVE BEEN FILLED,
THE VAMPIRE RISES,
LEAVING THE PRIEST
TO SPILL HIS BLOOD
ONTO THE CHURCH FLOOR...

GIVE US THIS
DAY, OUR DAILY
BREAD, AND FOR-
GIVE US OUR
TRESPASSES...

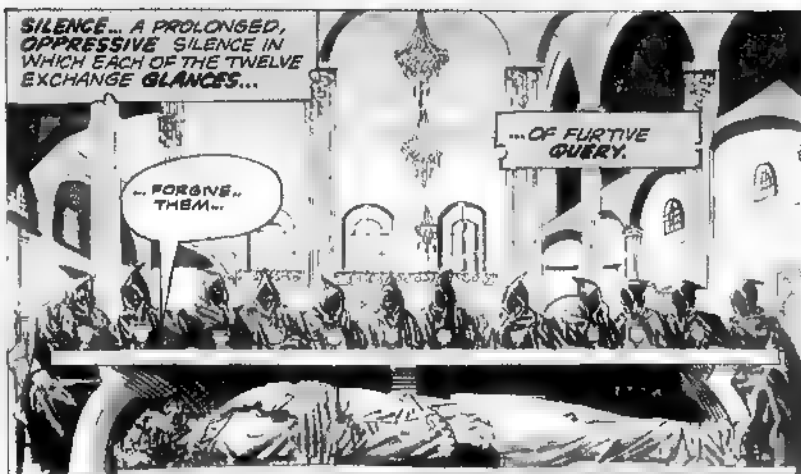
...AS WE
FORGIVE
THOSE WHO
TRESPASS
AGAINST US...





THE SACRAMENT HAS BEEN ADMINISTERED, BUT BEFORE WE PARTAKE OF IT...

...WE MUST ENACT THE KISS...!



SILENCE... A PROLONGED, OPPRESSIVE SILENCE IN WHICH EACH OF THE TWELVE EXCHANGE GLANCES...

...FORGIVE THEM...

...OF FURTIVE QUERY.

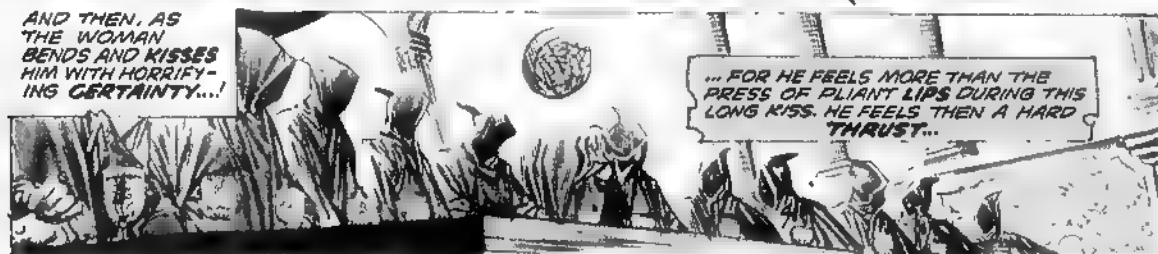


THEN, FROM THE TWELVE... ONE STANDS...



MORGANA.

THIS IS WRONG, MORBIUS KNOWS... FIRST WITH BRISTLING INSTINCT...



AND THEN, AS THE WOMAN BENDS AND KISSES HIM WITH HORRIFYING CERTAINTY...!

...FOR HE FEELS MORE THAN THE PRESS OF PLIANT LIPS DURING THIS LONG KISS. HE FEELS THEN A HARD THRUST...



...OF FANGS...



HE IS REVEALED, BROTHER OF JUDAS--THE ONE WHO WOULD BETRAY US.!!

TRAPPED--ALL ALONG A TRAP... AND SO SWEETLY BAITED...

A FOOL FOR SO LONG, MORBIUS NOW CHOOSES TO REMAIN DOGILE... TO LISTEN. AS HIS FORMER COLLEAGUE SPEAKS...

YOU HAVE CHOSEN THE ILL-GUIDED PATH, MORBIUS...



YOU HAVE SPURNED THE OPPORTUNITY TO JOIN US--!



THIS WE KNOW WITH COMPLETE CERTAINTY. FOR SISTER MORGANA HAS GONE TO CONSIDERABLE LENGTHS TO TEST YOUR CANDIDACY...

...AND NOW THAT YOU HAVE BEEN SHOWN UNFIT, YOU MUST DIE.



LIKE HELL, HARKINS!!



MY BLOOD COMES AT A PREMIUM--!!



AND IF YOU REALLY THINK YOU'RE THAT THIRSTY--



--I'VE GOT SOME BETTER REFRESHMENT FOR YOU!



MORBIUS GRASPS THE BAPTISMAL FONT-- WRENCHES IT FROM ITS BASE--

--AND KICKS--!

EEEEEEEE!!

LIKE
HELL,
I SAID--!!

LIKE
HELL!!

YAH!!

AND NOW,
HARKINS, AS
PRESIDENT
OF THE
BOARD--

--YOU DESERVE
SPECIAL TREATMENT--

--BEFORE
JOINING
YOUR
BELOVED
BROTHERS--

--IN FLAME.



AND NOW, AS SHRIEKS OF AGONY SURRENDER TO CRACKLE OF FLAME, MORBIUS PAUSES... AND CONTEMPLATES WHAT HE HAS DONE. IN A SINGLE BURST OF FRENZY, THEY HAVE DIED... ALL OF THEM...



YOU HAVE MURDERED... BUT YOU HAVE NOT SINNED...

...ALL BUT ONE...

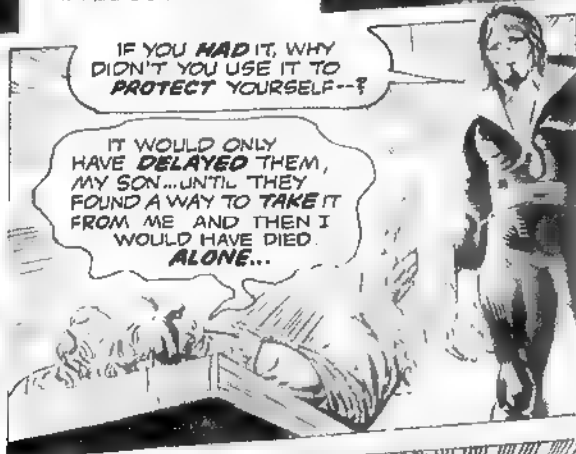


COME CLOSER, MY SON... TIME GROWS SHORT... FOR I AM DYING.



YOU ARE... DIFFERENT... FROM THE OTHERS... I CAN FEEL IT...

THE CROSS WILL NOT... HARM YOU...



IF YOU HAD IT, WHY DIDN'T YOU USE IT TO PROTECT YOURSELF--?

IT WOULD ONLY HAVE DELAYED THEM, MY SON... UNTIL THEY FOUND A WAY TO TAKE IT FROM ME AND THEN I WOULD HAVE DIED ALONE...



BUT NOW... YOU MUST TAKE IT... I AM DYING... AND I DO NOT WISH TO BE REBORN AS ONE OF THEM...

PLEASE... TAKE IT... BEFORE MY BLOOD LEAVES ME...



GOD WORKS... IN STRANGE WAYS, MY SON...

TAKE THE CROSS...



...AND DO WHAT YOU MUST...

CHALICE AS HAMMER...



...CRUCIFIX AS STAKE...



- AND BOTH...



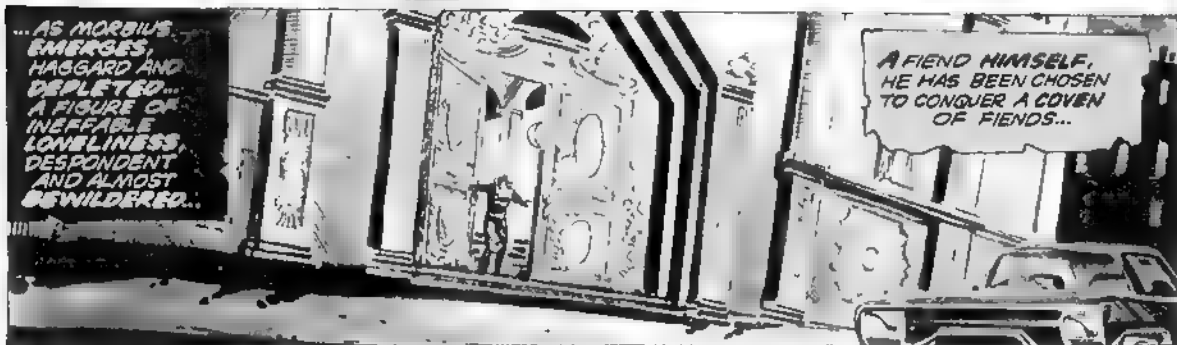
-AS SALVATION...

KLANG

LONG MINUTES PASS...
MINUTES PUNCTUATED
BY TWO SHARP SOUNDS...
AND THEN ONLY SILENCE
ISSUES FROM THE
CATHEDRAL...



...AS MORBIUS
EMERGES,
HAGGARD AND
DEPLETED...
A FIGURE OF
INEFFABLE
LOWELINESS,
DESPONDENT
AND ALMOST
BESWILDERED...



A FIEND HIMSELF,
HE HAS BEEN CHOSEN
TO CONQUER A COVEN
OF FIENDS...

AND AS HE SLOWLY STRIDES INTO THE NIGHT, A LONE SPECTER SHREDDING THE LONDON FOG... HE PONDER'S THE PRIEST'S WORDS... AS THEY ECHO...

"GOD WORKS IN STRANGE WAYS...
MY SON... DO WHAT YOU MUST..."

MORBIUS HAS AGREED WITH THOSE WORDS...

...AND STILL AGREES WITH THEM...

...EVEN AS HE SEES HER...

...AND FEARS HER PRESENCE...

FEARS HER BLOOD AND WHAT IT MEANS TO HIM...

...LIFE...

...BUT ONE CURSED BY THE LUST... THE THIRST... THE UNDENIABLE THIRST... THE THIRST WHICH HAS BEEN FORGOTTEN FOR SO LONG...

... BUT THEY ECHO MOCKINGLY NOW... AND WHISPER IN A VOICE FROM HEAVEN AND HELL...

...HER LIFE AND HIS... BOTH INNOCENT...

THE WORDS ARE STILL TRUE...

"DO WHAT YOU MUST..."

FINIS

THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST FIGHTING SECRETS CAN BE YOURS...



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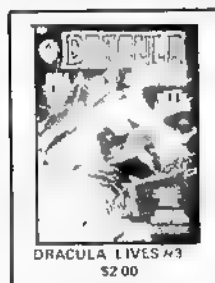
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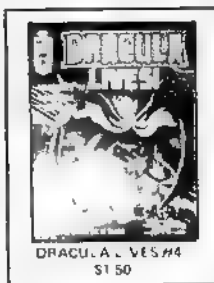
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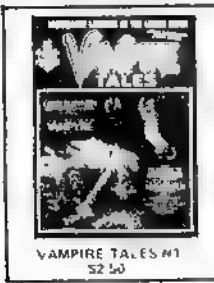
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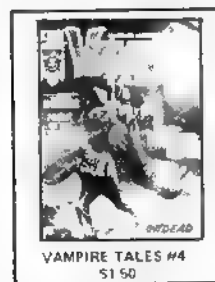
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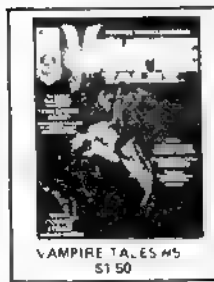
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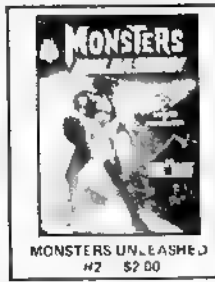
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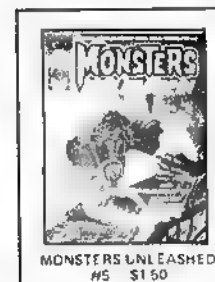
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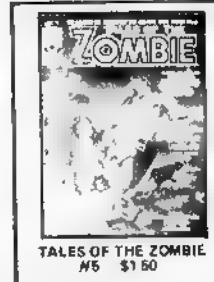
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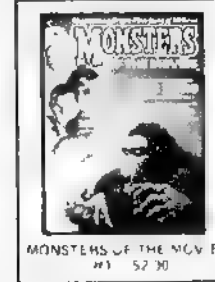
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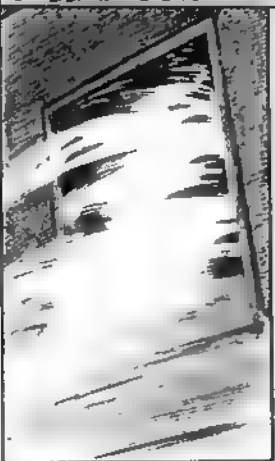
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THEN, A SICKLY SWEETNESS SPARKS THE AIR, THE MAN SHIMMERS... SHIFTS...



...AND SEEKS HIS (IF FOG CAN HAVE GENDER) OWN UNIQUE METHOD OF BOARDING SAID TRAIN!



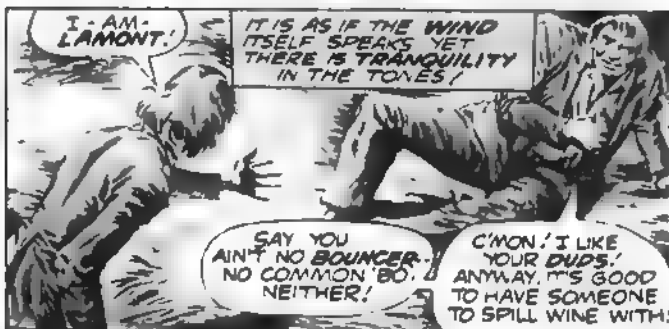
SWIRLING FINGERS OF SOFT MIST BECOME, ONCE MORE, THE GAUNT MAN IN BLACK. GREY EYES REACH OUT OF A PALLID, SKULL-LIKE FACE!



HE MIGHT BE THE MOURE OF DEATH HIMSELF, BUT, NO NOTHING SO DRAMATIC AS THAT. STILL, HE IS MORE, FAR MORE, THAN YOUR AVERAGE HOBO.

Hobo's Lullaby

THE SLEEPING HOBBO STARTS AWAKE, FEELING LIKE A SIXTH SENSE ANOTHER PRESENCE. IT IS A FEELING THAT CONJURES TOO MANY MEMORIES OF PAIN AND TOO FEW OF COMFORT.



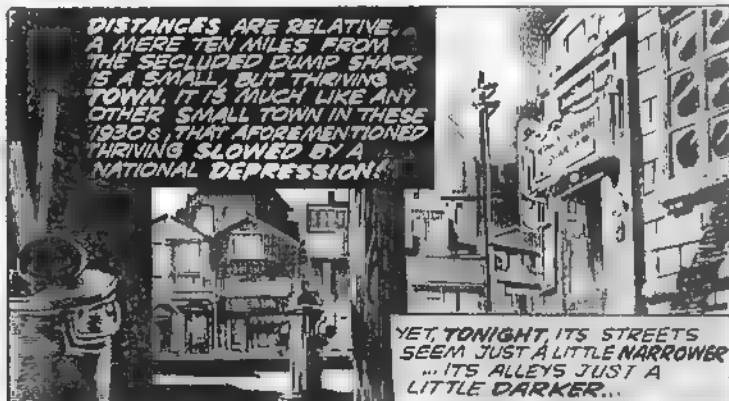
WHOOOOOOOO
RHHOOOOOOOO

THE TRAIN WHISTLES
HOLLOWLY, POUNDING
THUNDER RECEDING
TO A RHYTHMIC
CLACKING, FADING
INTO THE TENEBOUS
NIGHTSCAPE.

AND LAMONT,
GLUTCHING
NOW LIFELESS
FORM OF OAKS
SLIM, LIKEWISE
FADES INTO THE
DARKNESS...

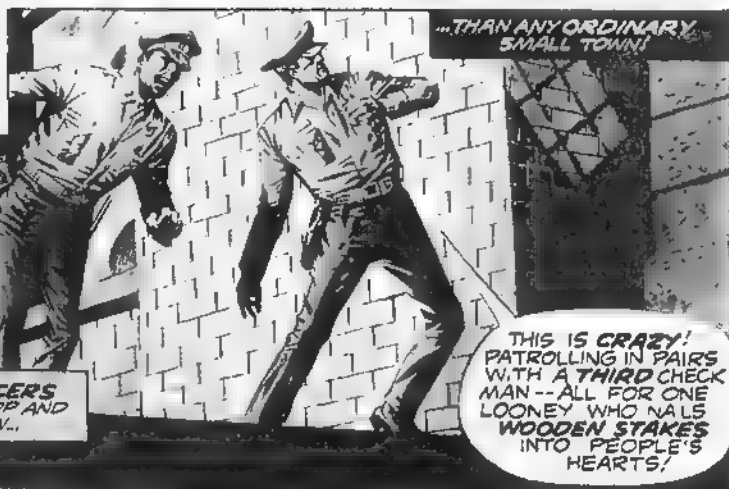


REAPPEARING AT
A DESOLATE DUMP
SITE, ISOLATED IN A
PROTECTIVE NEST OF
OAK FOREST!



DISTANCES ARE RELATIVE.
A MERE TEN MILES FROM
THE SECLUDED DUMP SHACK
IS A SMALL, BUT THRIVING
TOWN. IT IS MUCH LIKE ANY
OTHER SMALL TOWN IN THESE
1930'S, THAT AFOREMENTIONED
THRIVING SLOWED BY A
NATIONAL DEPRESSION!

YET, TONIGHT, ITS STREETS
SEEM JUST A LITTLE NARROWER
... ITS ALLEYS JUST A
LITTLE DARKER...



...THAN ANY ORDINARY
SMALL TOWN!

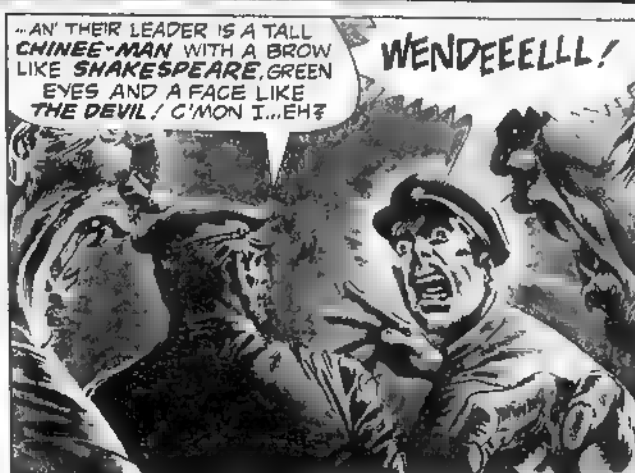
WITNESS OFFICERS
WENDELL KNAPP AND
EARL NORTON...

THIS IS CRAZY!
PATROLLING IN PAIRS
WITH A THIRD CHECK
MAN--ALL FOR ONE
LOONEY WHO NAILS
WOODEN STAKES
INTO PEOPLE'S
HEARTS!



I DUNNO, THEY
SAY IT'S MORE
THAN ONE AN' THAT
THEY'RE ALL
HOBOES. THOSE
WHOVE BEEN SEEN!
I EVEN HEARD
THEY SUCK THE
BLOOD...

SURE
THEY DO...



...AN' THEIR LEADER IS A TALL
CHINEE-MAN WITH A BROW
LIKE SHAKESPEARE, GREEN
EYES AND A FACE LIKE
THE DEVIL! G'MON I...EH?

WENDEEELL!

AT HIS CHECKPOINT TWO BLOCKS AWAY, OFFICER JOHN TRENT HEARS THE BLOODY TERROR OF WENDELL'S REPLY...

...HEARS AND REACTS!



WENDELL!
EARL!



LORDY!

YOU 'BOES JUST FREEZE
MAYBE, JUST MAYBE, I
CAN REMEMBER I'M
AN OFFICER AND NOT A
VIGILANTE...! BUT, DAMN!
IF YOU EVEN BREATHE
TOO HARD...

BUT THESE "BOES"
DON'T FREEZE!
THEY MOVE TOWARDS
THE SHAKEN OFFICER...

I--I
WARNED
YOU...



BAY LOW
BAY LOW

PON

YOU-YOU
DON'T
STOP... YOU
CAN'T STILL
BE
STANDING!
YOU-YOU
CAN'T--!

NOOOOOOOO!
STAY
AWAY!



JOHN TRENT BOLTS,
BUT HIS LEGS FEEL
LIKE RUBBER, HIS
HEAD THROBS...



FROM BEHIND COME
SOUNDS, PAWS ON
PAVEMENT, THE LOW,
GUTTERAL SNARLS OF
STALKING WOLVES!

WOLVES THAT MAY HAVE, MOMENTS BEFORE,
BEEN MEN... BUT MOST CERTAINLY WERE
NOT HUMAN.



LORD, WHATEVER'S
ON THE OTHER
SIDE OF THIS WALL...

BETTER
BE
SOFT!

PROVIDENCE! THAT'S
JOHN TRENT'S LABEL--
YOU PICK YOUR OWN!

PROVIDENCE SOFT GRASS
TO CUSHION A LONG, AWKWARD
FALL INTO A CHURCHYARD.

A CHURCH--THE
PERFECT FORTRESS
AGAINST AN ATTACK
OF (WHETHER JOHN
KNOWS THEY ARE OR
NOT) VAMPIRES!

DOORS THICK...
SAFE!

JOHN TRENT
HASN'T SEEN
THE INSIDE OF
A CHURCH
ON MANY
SUNDAYS.
BUT HE HAS
FAITH... AND
RESPECT
FOR THE GOD
WHOSE NAME
HE OCCASIONS
TO TAKE IN
VAIN!

AFTER TONIGHT, HE MAY
RECONSIDER...PERHAPS BOTH
HIS SUNDAYS AND HIS LANGUAGE!

SUDDENLY...

TAK!

EH?

NO...!

WAIT!

NO! NOT OUT THERE!
COME BACK! COME BACK!
PLEASE, COME BACK...

BLAG!

YAAAAAH!

...COME BACK...

...COME BACK...

...COME BACK...

...COME BACK...

...OH, HELP ME!

DAWN BREAKS! THE LIGHT OF DAY PASSES QUICKLY AND A NEW NIGHT DONS ITS PULSING CLOAKS!

CONSCIOUSNESS COMES SLOWLY TO OAKIE SLIM, COMPREHENSION COMES EVEN SLOWER! HE HAS ALMOST FORGOTTEN HE DIED THE NIGHT BEFORE ALMOST FORGOTTEN!

REALITY IN HIS OWN CONTEXT, SWEEPS IN ON HIM--THE WEIGHT AND SUBSTANCE OF FUDGE IN HIS MOUTH...

AND AN ALL-CONSUMING HUNGER!

NOOOOOOOOO!

JUST AS THEY ALL TRUST ME!

WE ARE HOBOES AND, AS IN LIFE MUST BAND TOGETHER IN LIVING DEATH!

UNITY IS OUR ONLY PROTECTION AS HOBOES--OR VAMPIRES! ONLY OTHER HOBOES JOIN US... OTHERS, THEIR BLOOD TAKEN THEN FIND A STAKE FOR THEIR HEARTS!

YOU WILL BE CALM FRIEND-- YOU WILL TRUST ME BECAUSE YOU ARE FORCED TO.

YOU ARE ONE OF US-- COLLECTIVELY, WE OWN YOU!

NO, YOU GOT IT WRONGS...

SNEK-KESH

WHA-- AAARRGHH!

LAMONT TAKES PRECIOUS SECONDS TO RECOVER HIMSELF, THE GROTESQUE ASSEMBLY STANDS INACTIVE, AS IF MOCKING HIM FLAGRANTLY!

IN TRUTH, LAMONT OWNS THEM FAR MORE THAN ONE MIGHT SUSPECT! THEY-- BROKEN, LOST, ABUSED OF A SOCIETY IN METAMORPHOSIS--HAVE SURRENDERED THEIR ALL! THEY ARE LITTLE BETTER THAN AUTOMATONS AWAITING DIRECTIVES...

THIS 'BO DON'T HAVE MUCH, BUT OAKIE SLIM DON'T OWE HIS SOUL. NOT TO MAN NOR DEVIL!

GO! BLAST YOU! AFTER HIM, KILL HIM!

YAAAUUUGHN!!
CURSED CROSSES!

THE POLICE HADN'T REALLY BELIEVED JOHN WHEN THEY FOUND HIM IN THAT CHURCH BABBING ABOUT NODO VAMPIRES! BUT HE MANAGED TO CONVINCE THEM TO SEARCH THE HILLS THIS NIGHT FOR NODOSS!

AND, WHILE EVERYONE HAD AGREED IT WAS SILLY, JOHN EVEN CONVINCED THEM TO CARRY WOODEN STAKES...

... AND TO WEAR SILVER CROSSES!

THIS IS SLIM'S CHANCE TO SLIP AWAY! TO BE FREE AGAIN...

BUT NO, THERE IS ONE TASK LEFT-- UNDONE

CHUK! AEEEEEEEEIIII! CHUK! YARRGG

THESE MEN DO NOT RELISH WHAT THEY DO! THEIR VICTIMS STILL LOOK SOMEWHAT HUMAN-- AND THERE IS NO GRATIFICATION IN VILANTISM!

THERE IS NO MORALITY IN HORROR!

WHROOOOOOOOOOORROOO

SO MANY! SO MANY! THEY JUST KEPT COMING AND I JUST KEPT KILLING AND-- OH LORD! HELP KEEP MY SANITY...!

THE DUMP-- IT'S THE ONLY PLACE THEY COULD HAVE BEEN HIDING OUT! YOU KNOW, WE GOTTA GO LOOK! COME ON!

EPILOGUE...

THE SEARCH OF
THE OLD DUMP
PROVES
ANTI-CLIMATIC!
TWENTY FIVE EMPTY
ORANGE CRATE
COFFINS...

...AND ONE
LAST
CASUALTY!



I--I THINK IT'S
FINALLY, REALLY
OVER!



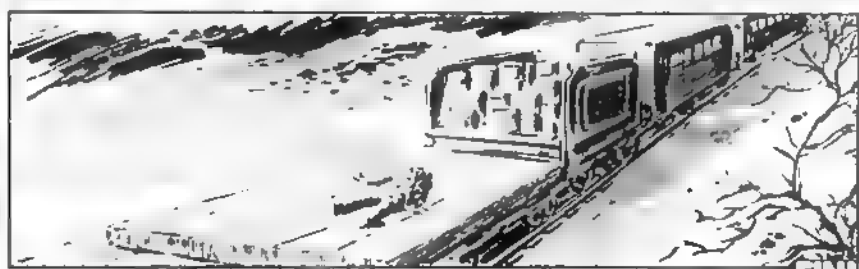
THAT FIRE SURE
FEELS FINE...
FUNNY, HOW COLD
IT IS TONIGHT!
MIDDLE OF SUMMER,
TOO!

SUM WATCHES
IN AWE AS THE
STARS ARC
OVERHEAD, THEN
FADE, THE SKY
BLUSHING
PINK!



SUN SPLASHES
OVER HIM, BUT HE
DOESN'T SCREAM!
HE DOESN'T EVEN
WINCE!

HE SMILES!



FINIS

NEXT ISSUE

Dare we reveal—what lies ahead?

Three issues in the making!

At last,

BLADE

returns, greater than ever—
we hope!

by Chris Claremont & Tony DeZuniga

"THE NIGHT JOSIE HARPER DIED!"

Murder...mayhem...violence! A little girl
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wing, blood on the boil!



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Brian Eastman

NOT
FOR
THE
SUPER

BODYBUILDING SYSTEM!

**BE BETTER THAN THE BEST,
BE DYNAMIC!**

AFTER

MOST MEN NEVER REALIZE THEIR POTENTIAL FOR MUSCULARITY. Why? Probably because they've never come across or taken advantage of a training program quite like the one we offer here at UNIVERSAL BODYBUILDING. Our course has the ULTIMATE MASTERPLAN for TOTAL BODY DEVELOPMENT!

Very few men are satisfied with the way they look at present. They know themselves that they wouldn't mind having a REALLY MASCULINE BODY — one that will "turn on" the girls and make the guys envious.

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Add 2 or 3 inches to your arms, 4 or 5 inches to your chest — your rewards will be in direct proportion to your effort and accomplishments — nobody sets a limit to your success.

In the time it takes to complete this 12 lesson course, we can guarantee you a muscular foundation fantastic enough to be developed to your fullest potential!! You can go far beyond mere "improvement" with the Advanced Training Techniques included in this course. We can give you the firm, rippling, muscular body of a physique star!! Send in for our FREE COLORFUL BROCHURES TODAY! (fantastic information about our course — loaded with unbelievable photographs). You won't regret it!!

**INSTANTLY—
YOUR MUSCLES
WILL BEGIN
TO GROW!**

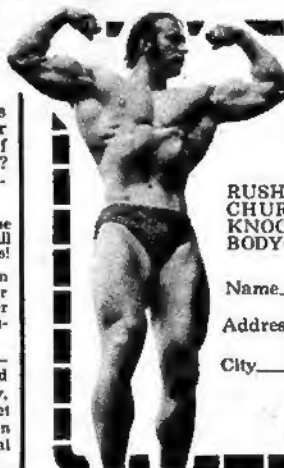
BEFORE

BE GREAT—BE SOMEBODY SPECIAL!

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- ☐ **SHOULDERS** — Get rid of those puny shoulders! Instead, fill your shirts with bulging muscles!
- ☐ **LEGS** — Put some muscle on those spindly legs! Muscular legs will give you extra power like you've never dreamed possible!
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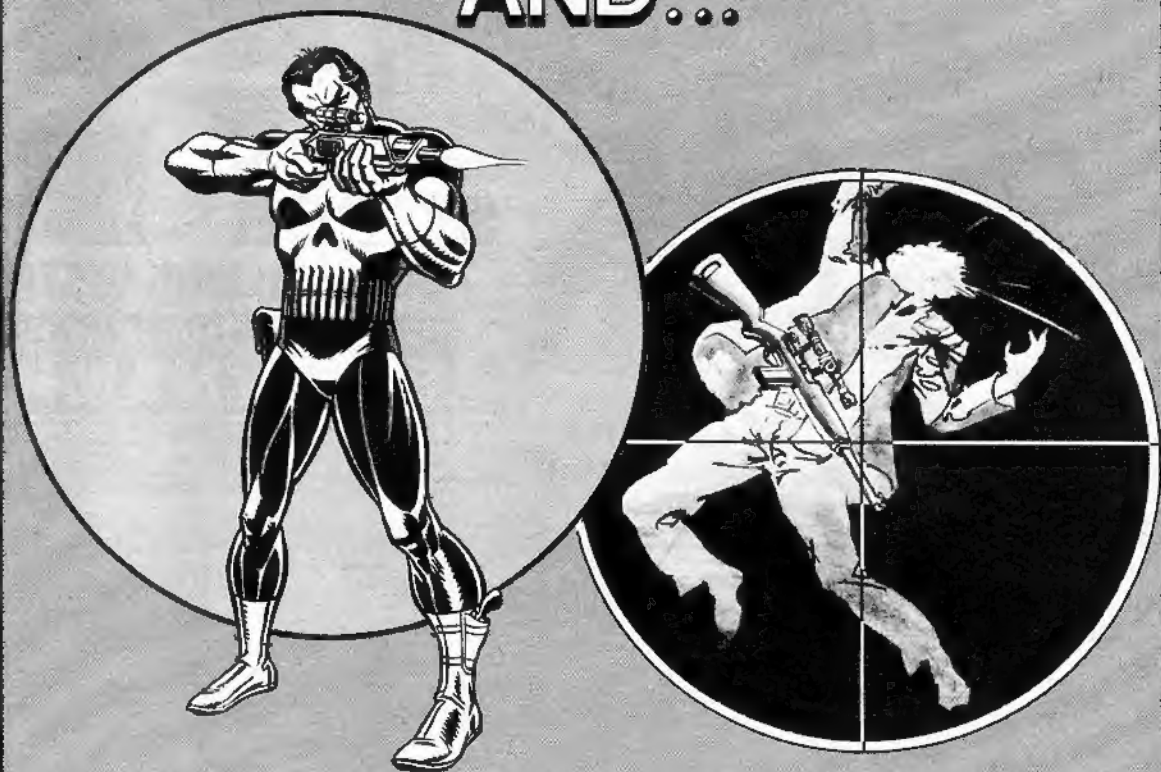
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AIMED AT YOU!
AND...**



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NEVER MISSES!**

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MARVEL PREVIEW

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